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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On the death of such a man as Lord Salisbury the world seems to shrink; at any rate his own nation seems to shrink. A nation's greatness is best measured by its great men; and Lord Salisbury was great, four-squaredly great, if one may say so. There was a spaciousness about his character; and the ordinary little man, unless one of the least of men, moving in and out amongst these great figures, feels that he lives in spacious times. Our time is getting cramped. Looking round, though not especially on public life, it is difficult to suppress the feeling that there are not the men there were. We have some good judges and good bishops, but there are few giants, if there are any. It is true Lord Salisbury's work was done, and done very nobly; but it is pleasant to feel that the worker is still amongst us, as well as his work. And when he goes, we cannot help a certain natural sorrow, even when, as Lord Salisbury was if any man, he is happy in his end. In Lord Salisbury's case it would be especially strange if anyone connected with the SATURDAY REVIEW could escape the sense of loss.

The note in Lord Salisbury's character which appeals most to us, the quality the country will miss, though it may not regret, the most, is his fine contempt for popularity. Lord Salisbury troubled himself little with what people thought of him. What he was, was much to him; what he was thought to be, nothing. This may have been a fault in the politician, but it was a splendid, and extremely rare, virtue in the man. It was the key to his finely tempered irony. It distinguished it wholly from cynicism. There was no contempt for man, no indifference to things, but a complete contempt for pretended things. This great man was not afraid to neglect the art of success, while lesser men neglect every other art. Maybe not every man can afford to take Lord Salisbury's view of life; but it is a great thing that one who has been on all men's lips should leave this salutary lesson of care for truth rather than for show. After all, it was what we ought to expect from so deeply religious a man as Lord Salisbury.

The state of misrule in the Balkans has resulted in one outrage, as dastardly as useless: an express train was blown up between Adrianople and Constantinople and six persons were killed and eighteen wounded. In

another part of the Turkish Empire, at Beirut, a vice-consul of the United States has been murdered by an unknown assassin. But the darkest hour, which proverbially precedes the dawn, has been reached in the Balkans. We are still favoured with the usual tales of outrage and massacre, related in suspiciously familiar terms and officially contradicted with monotonous regularity. The Russian visit to Iniada Bay has fanned the flames instead of extinguishing them and the area of disorder has been extended to the vilayet of Adrianople. But the Porte has at last shown teeth in right earnest, and is placing in the field twice as many troops as sufficed for spilling Greece. The Powers have evidently removed the restrictions which forbade Turkey to set her own house in order, and we are confident that her task will not prove so difficult as the alarmists surmise. For one thing, Macedonian risings are happily controlled by climatic considerations. They begin vernally "when the trees bud", they are cannily adjourned over harvest-time, and they are brought to an abrupt end by the first snows. It is therefore good political meteorology to forecast a subsidence of the storm within the next two months. M. Sarafov and his friends boast that they will wear out the patience and purse of the Porte with chronic disorder, but they will scarcely succeed in doing so by means of a fair-weather insurrection, whose end is already in view.

A more serious situation would arise if Bulgarian demagogues had their way and Prince Ferdinand were forced to declare war upon his suzerain. The Prince has been blamed for absenting himself from Sofia at a critical juncture. But that policy has hitherto proved successful, and prudence ought not to be confused with cowardice. No one who knows him can reproach him with timidity. He is as a matter of fact a strikingly sagacious prince, whose destiny has given him the charge of a despicable and barbarous people. No other statesman in the world could have clung to a parlous position as he has done, and we must attribute the comparative peace of the Balkans during the last decade entirely to his wisdom and foresight. His courage has been conspicuous throughout trials and anxieties, which would have overwhelmed a less magnanimous ruler. Perhaps his courage is now most conspicuous, when he does not fear to seem afraid. He knows that democratic pressure is most easily resisted at a distance, so he stays away. At this time of year every day's delay is of importance, and he has only to make good his passive resistance until the fall of the leaves in order to adjourn the present danger until "the trees bud" again.

Meanwhile it should be agreed that the police-states of Europe must utilise the period of revolutionary

hibernation to prevent a recurrence of disorder next spring. The various schemes of reform, which the Porte accepts with such elegant alacrity, are admirable on paper but do not in practice affect the surface of the situation. So long as bands of Komitajis are suffered to infest the vilayets the best-laid plans of mice and men must continue agley. Let us ask ourselves what would happen in England if, year after year, Jersey sent miscreants to terrorise Dorsetshire and Hampshire, compel the yokels to criminal conspiracy, and lay hands on all portable property. We should not be content with calling out the Yeomanry; we should have something to say to the exotic authors of the mischief. So too the coming months must be utilised to flush the Bulgarian cesspool and impose a sanitary cordon. Otherwise infection will spread and we shall find Peter Karageorgević attempting to secure his tottering throne by invoking foreign complications. But the odds are that he will have returned to exile before "the trees bud".

The war commission in spite of the vagueness of the terms of reference did one part of their work admirably. Nothing could have been better than the way in which Lord Elgin conducted the cross-examination, and, considering the mass of material, the report, which fills a blue book of 316 pages, has been issued with great promptitude. But the evidence contained in it is of greatly more importance than the conclusions and recommendations of the commission, though the notes by individual commissioners which conclude the Report contain some admirable criticism. The extent of the muddle both before the outbreak of hostilities and in the early stages of the war is almost incredible. The intelligence department, though miserably furnished with money, had made it quite clear that the Transvaal was preparing for war and Lord Wolseley as early as January 1899 strongly urged the reinforcement of the troops in Natal and preparations for mobilising an army corps and a cavalry division to be made in England. But political reasons, chiefly the fear of seeming aggressive, were thought sufficient to override all these warnings. It is almost inconceivable that no plan of campaign ever existed for operations in South Africa; but in the evidence of Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley and Lord Lansdowne it is confessed that no scheme was mapped out by the Commander-in-Chief or suggested by the Government with the result that the whole work of the Intelligence Division was entirely neglected.

The deficiency in stores and material is described as disclosing a condition of affairs "full of peril to the empire". Ammunition ran short and had to be supplied from the navy. As to the field armament, 200,000 rifles were found to be sighted incorrectly at the last moment and at one time the reserve of cavalry swords fell to 80, and reserves of clothing were wholly neglected. On the question of the calibre of the men themselves the evidence on the whole is satisfactory, but Lord Kitchener complained of want of intelligence and initiative in the men; and in respect of the officers he and Lord Roberts agreed that the older men were too little ready to accept responsibility and to come to prompt decisions. The hardest things are said of the militia whom it was found necessary to use almost entirely on the lines of communication and Lord Methuen speaks caustically of the ignorance and bad riding of the later relays of Yeomanry. The commissioners suggest in this reference that the Yeomanry force should have been organised on a county basis. But over and above all details come the two facts that our army was miserably deficient in quantity and in some departments in quality and that its organisation was unprofessional and muddled. Reform is as vital now as ever. As to organisation the commission, as two earlier commissions, recommends an imitation of the Admiralty Board. As to men—how long will it take the country to see that compulsory service has become unavoidable?

We do not wish to be unnecessarily cruel to two gallant officers whose names figured somewhat unfortunately at one period of the South African War, but surely Lord Roberts is hardly consistent in appointing Generals Gatacre and Hart umpires to the opposing

forces at the forthcoming manoeuvres. Rightly or wrongly, it was Lord Roberts who relieved General Gatacre of his command in very painful circumstances. If military training is to be taken seriously, surely it is unwise thus gratuitously to select an officer who was dismissed from his employment on active service presumably for incompetence. The memories of the "disaster" at Stormberg are too fresh in the mind of the public and of the army for them to regard General Gatacre as one to be specially selected to instruct our troops at important peace manoeuvres, whilst the officer who, through sheer personal bravery and insensibility to danger, led his men to death in impossible formations at Colenso is not one in whose decisions officers or men will place much confidence.

All achievements in the application of science to war were surpassed in the much-advertised "compass-bearing ride" for officers of the 2nd Army Corps which took place last Saturday. Since only a dozen or so of the 70 competitors got round the course one is naturally led to conclude either that there was something very wrong in the knowledge of the competing officers or that the instructions issued by the staff were defective. We have been favoured with a copy of the instructions and from the first glance at the "competitors' card" which lies before us it is clear that the talented framer of the scheme had systematically confused the relative positions of true and magnetic north and in place of adding the local westerly variation (about 17 degrees) to the true reading in order to determine the magnetic reading, had actually deducted it! Hence it comes about that every one of the magnetic compass bearings given to the unfortunate competitors was twice 17 degrees out!

In other words, thanks to Sir Evelyn Wood's lucid instructions, the various directions laid down were over 3 "points" of the compass out of their course, and in one case the lateral error so introduced would amount to over 1½ miles. Perhaps the most ludicrous part of the business is that the dozen who managed to get round the 23 mile course correctly "with the aid of a map" must have done so in direct disobedience of the magnetic compass bearings given them as data to work from, and that no competitor who honestly adhered to the "magnetic compass bearings" issued to him in this famous "compass competition ride" could by any possibility have got round the course at all!

On the naval manoeuvres "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing"; in peajacket and peaked cap he has been very busy of late on board His Majesty's ships holding his telescope to the eye approved by the hero of Copenhagen. Here then are a few grains which may repay a fortnight's search among correspondents' despatches:—the ability large armoured cruisers possess to limit the radius of action of their lighter sisters: the influence which questions of coal endurance have in determining strategy: the importance of frequent docking: the importance of providing every vessel in reserve with an efficient nucleus crew. The annual manoeuvres cover too short a space of time for a fair estimate to be made of the extent to which coaling considerations hamper an admiral's movements and compel him to adopt a strategy which may appear theoretically imperfect. The fleet manoeuvres of 1903 mark a distinct advance in the attempt made to approximate to conditions which would be probable in war. The fewer the restrictions imposed by rules and regulations, the greater is the opportunity for a thorough test of the capacity of officers and the intrinsic worth of the material committed to their charge.

Mr. Chamberlain has written an admirable little letter to Mr. Welsford, the Unionist candidate for the Crewe division. It is true that it contains nothing whatever but two truisms, baldly put: that good wages and full employment are necessary to the prosperity of the working man, and that the present fiscal arrangements were designed to meet conditions that no longer exist. A large proportion of the public and a yet larger proportion of the Press has been raving wildly against the taxation of food without a pretence of weighing the meaning of the catch-phrase; and it is not a little

ludicrous to see the writers of the philippics when brought up sharp against the two calm and obvious platitudes upon which Mr. Chamberlain is content for the moment to recommend his case. It is possible that the ranting and the cry of cheap food may win by-elections; but Mr. Chamberlain is confident that the working men will come to believe in the personal advantage of fiscal change when they have heard what the change means. If Mr. Chamberlain has achieved nothing else by his letter, he has increased the feeling of suspense which he himself is to dissipate in the second week of October.

Some statistics as to British exports of woollens, cottons and cutlery issued by the Board of Trade on the motion of Colonel Denny will be useful to those who seek for facts. They point a disquieting moral and explain the attitude of the cotton manufacturers. The export of woollen and worsted goods sank in value from £17,384,640 in 1877 to £14,265,243 in 1902: the export of cutlery and hardware in the same period decreased from over £2,100,000 to less than £1,000,000. Cotton goods alone practically held their own. They were valued at £42,773,366 in 1877 and at £42,598,978 in 1902. If every trade had managed to keep up its exports as cotton has, there would be little cause for heart-searching among manufacturers. It is a pity Colonel Denny did not go one step further and ask for imports as well. He would then have learnt that whilst exports of woollens and many other articles are declining, imported manufactures from those articles have increased enormously, woollens jumping in twelve years from £7,000,000 to £9,500,000. Mr. Chiozza-Money of the Free Trade Union will not find it easy to explain that fact away. If industries have not been ruined, the conditions have been turned sharply against them.

Mr. Henry Bourassa, member of the Dominion Parliament, is very angry with Lord Minto, the Canadian Governor-General, for suggesting that Canada may some day have to choose between being part of an organised Empire and going her own way. Mr. Bourassa belongs to a small knot of French Canadians who wish to enjoy all the advantages of the Imperial connexion and take none of its responsibilities. He is, we believe, a negligible quantity. Sir Wilfrid Laurier the Premier is not. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at the dinner which brought the meetings of the delegates to a close, if correctly reported, which we do not believe, was an excellent example in trimming. He is committed to free trade doctrines which he realises are impracticable, but he is not unwilling to make some departure from them if he can "save face" as a free trader. He would not object to free trade against the world, by which he means free trade within the Empire, but he feels that cannot be as things now are. He admits that the Canadian earnestly desires to find a preferential market for his produce in the mother-country, but doubts if he can get it. A few years ago Sir Wilfrid would not have admitted so much. He says the Dominion would never surrender its legislative independence, but he is beating the air. Who but the enemies of preferential tariffs ever dreamed of asking any colony to give up anything beyond protection pure and simple?

It is not often that the free trader, paradoxical as it may seem, shows himself capable of taking a large view of the fiscal question. Mr. B. R. Wise, the Attorney-General of New South Wales, is an exception to the rule. In an important speech in Sydney he explained why he considers free trade carries with it greater gain than protection. But he is not deterred by his conviction that free trade is economically the sounder policy from giving careful consideration to any scheme based on preferential duties which Mr. Chamberlain may bring forward. To Mr. Wise the British Empire is of more importance than a system of free imports into any particular part. He illustrates what he means by reference to Australian federation. New South Wales gave up free trade for the sake of union with the other colonies. What the mother colony of Australia did for the Commonwealth, the mother country and the colonies should not find it impossible to do for the Empire.

The conference of Zionists, who have been meeting at Basel, came to an important decision. It was enthusiastically decided by a majority of more than a hundred to send a committee of nine to East Africa to arrange for a Zionist colony under the patronage of the British Government. Sir Clement Hill, superintendent for the African Protectorates, offered on behalf of the British Government to "invest the territory in question"—which is one of the few regions in East Africa suitable for Europeans—"with Jewish local autonomy under British control". The experiment will be remarkable in Jewish history. One may perhaps infer that the Jews are becoming not wholly careless of the territorial sentiment from the fact that the Russian delegates left the hall in disgust when the motion was carried. Were they concerned for the reception they might get from the Russian Government, if they had voted for a colony started under British auspices?

Sir Gordon Sprigg by a sudden and very apt turn of face has inflicted a humorous revenge on the Bond whose tool he has so long professed himself. A young lawyer, naturally anxious to swell the volume of professional business, brought forward a motion that a judge of the High Court should be appointed to try over again sentences passed under martial law and a court of appeal appointed to hear again rejected claims for compensation. It was an impudent proposal for inflicting vexatious litigation on the Cape; but in spite of the opposition of the Government it was passed by a large majority. One can only hope that the supporters of such a motion only intended to amuse themselves by seeing how far the Premier's pliability might be tested; but at last he turned. He has decided to go to the country at once, as soon as the Appropriation Bill has passed, and not to proceed with the railway bills and other important measures dear to the Bond. Mr. Merriman, "alternating between a menace and sigh", found both his threat not to pass the Appropriation Bill and his apology for a catch vote in vain. For the first time in history Sir Gordon Sprigg was firm. He at least understands place-finding, and it may be that this sudden dishing of the Bond may yet restore him to some favour with the Progressives. The election will be critical for the peace of the Colony.

It has now become evident that the Passive Resisters need not be taken seriously. They resist, they are ordered by the magistrate to pay, the auctioneer disposes of certain of their goods, and payment is made—and there's an end. A cumbrous process, which a little commonsense would avoid. However, the game is not amusing, and we have no doubt that very soon most of those whom Dr. Clifford induced to join in will soon be crying in the spirit of a vexed child "shan't play". More serious are the false representations of the Liberation Society and such like, though we doubt whether it should be worth an Archbishop's while to give the attention Dr. Davidson bestowed at Dover on that ancient bugbear, Boucher's "Manual", and the Liberation Society's false presentment of it. Dr. Davidson says he has no doubt the leaflet propagating the "Manual" is written and circulated in good faith. He must be a very simple person, if he does believe that; and yet excessive innocence of the world and its ways is the very last fault one would have been inclined to lay to Randall Davidson's charge.

The occasion of the Archbishop's speech was the opening of a school, about which there is nothing calling for remark except that, whilst the school is nominally attached to the Church, the managers require one of the teachers in every department to be a nonconformist. If there are a large number of nonconformist children in the school, this arrangement is quite reasonable. We wonder would the managers be equally reasonable, and Dr. Davidson equally enthusiastic, were there a large number of Roman Catholic or "Orthodox" children in the school? Of course, this is not really a Church school now at all. Its case shows, as we have often pointed out, that the effect of recent legislation is to undermine the essential character of Voluntary schools. They are now State schools, and, to meet the religious necessity, they find themselves

compelled to provide religious teachers according to the different communions claiming the children. This is the solution that ought to have been applied to all schools, provided and non-provided. If Dr. Davidson is so persuaded of the necessity of "definite", that is denominational, religious teaching, why has he never lifted a finger to get it in the Board schools? Why does he not try to get it in the provided schools? There is but one answer: he has not the courage. In the meantime let us drop the misnomer of calling such schools Church schools.

Nothing so little became La Grande Thérèse as her last scene. M. Labori had achieved the summit of persuasiveness; he had even risked his reputation as advocate by pledging himself to some sort of belief in the great secret. If Madame had left alone the wonderful impression he had made, she might have escaped at least the rigour of the law. As it was the court which had been wound up to a state of suspense simply giggled when Madame brought out with no aplomb and no corroborative detail the hated name at which all patriotic France was to hiss. The Crawford were the Régniers, the descendants of the Régnier who served as intermediary between Bazaine and Bismarck in the negotiation that led to the surrender of Metz. This Régnier, rather an imperialist than a traitor, came to England and probably died there in modified poverty. That was the whole secret; and never did so gigantic a preparation, not even Boulanger's, fizzle out in so tame a conclusion. Madame Humbert and her husband, Frédéric Humbert, the sometime poet, were given sentences of five years' solitary confinement and Romain and Emile D'Aurignac—or Crawford or Régnier—three and two years' respectively. It is only left to wonder that the phantom millions should have been gravely taken on trust and have formed the basis of serious trials in the Paris courts. Justice was indeed blind.

The last race between "Shamrock" and "Reliance" has stirred the public interest even less than the two earlier races and the attempt to rouse anyone to the ecstasy of former years has signally failed. Sir Thomas Lipton's platitudinous confession that the best boat won has not this time been bruited as a quixotic display of the sportsmanlike spirit; and even the "accident to 'Shamrock'", which found a place on a few bills, had to give way to "the Great Ebor Handicap". It is natural enough that former extravagances should not have been repeated. Most sportsmen would be glad to learn that English engineers can build a boat as well as the Americans and that an English captain can sail a boat as well, but apart from this general desire the race is looked upon as a more or less private affair. In the race on Tuesday which "Reliance" won by 79 seconds "Shamrock" gained suddenly at the end and produced a little excitement. In the drifting match on Thursday "Reliance" had everything her own way. Captain Wringe lost more than a minute at the start and was beaten at every point. It was a pity that the wind failed just too soon to enable the rubber to be finished.

Although the attendance of members was limited stock markets during the greater part of the week exhibited a firm tone, but prices subsequently weakened owing to the disquieting news from Macedonia, and in the entire absence of support on the part of the public. Consols, after advancing $\frac{1}{2}$, gave way sharply, the fall being partly due to the approach of the settlement in the Funds in addition to the adverse factors mentioned above. Home Railway traffics for last week were not entirely satisfactory; nevertheless the market at one time was distinctly firm and there was every appearance of awakening interest in this section when the flatness of gilt-edged securities caused a sympathetic relapse. American Railroad stocks moved within fairly narrow limits and business in them has been restricted, attention to a large extent being diverted to the yacht races as far as Wall Street was concerned. South Africans were for the most part quietly firm with little business doing, but the best prices were not maintained. The feature of this department was the strength of De Beers, the advance being attributed to Cape buying. Consols 90 $\frac{1}{2}$. Bank rate 3 per cent. (June 18, 1903).

LORD SALISBURY.

THE ancients, with true philosophic instinct, refused to pronounce any man happy until he was dead. Lord Salisbury ended a great and busy life more happily, it seems to us, than any of his predecessors, except, perhaps, Lord Palmerston. During the last hundred years, only four Prime Ministers have died in office, Pitt, Perceval, Canning, and Palmerston. Pitt died, in common parlance, of a broken heart, "with the Austerlitz look in his face", as a friend said. Perceval was shot by a madman in the outer lobby. After a few months' office and in the prime of life, Canning succumbed to disease, conscious of failure, and undermined by intrigues. Palmerston alone, true to "the Ha! ha! style" until his death, passed peacefully away in actual possession of the symbols of authority, if not of governing power. Of Premiers who died out of office, Liverpool, like Swift, "expir'd a driveller and a show". Melbourne slipped into genial senility. Peel, after three or four years of bitter isolation, reviled by most of his former friends, was killed by a fall from his horse. Beaconsfield felt his defeat at the general election of 1880 very keenly. He had brought the nation "peace with honour", and yet he was beaten by "the pilgrimage of passion", undertaken by his life-long rival. It was perhaps the cruellest disappointment of his life, and he did not survive it three years. When he was told that Bismarck was coming to London, and asked whether he would receive him, Disraeli answered peevishly, "No; he would not care to see me now." Gladstone lived ten or eleven years longer than Lord Salisbury: but after 1895 can his visits to the inner closet of his mind have been pleasant? He had wrecked the Party of which he had so long been the idol; and he had twice seen his Home Rule policy, on which he staked the reputation of his life, rejected, once by the Commons, and once by the Lords. So far as success is measured by achievement, Gladstone's end was a pathetic failure. When Lord Salisbury retired a year ago, he was the benevolent despot of a united Party, which was more powerful in Parliament and in the constituencies than any British Party had ever been before. He enjoyed in unstinted measure the confidence of his Sovereign; and he was, unquestionably, the most influential statesman in the world. What more could the heart of man desire? There is something more which the heart of every good man does desire, and that was given to Lord Salisbury. He saw the growing success of those who were near to him, whom he wished to please, and whom he loved. His eldest son was Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Another of his sons was acknowledged to be amongst the most brilliant debaters in the House of Commons. Another had distinguished himself as an officer in the South African War; while yet another was enjoying a lucrative practice at the Parliamentary bar. One of his daughters was married to a young statesman of blameless reputation, and occupant of the post of First Lord of the Admiralty. One of his nephews was First Lord of the Treasury, Leader of the House of Commons, and his uncle's inevitable successor. Another nephew was President of the Board of Trade; and a sister's daughter was married to the Chairman of Ways and Means. We know that Lord Salisbury disliked nothing so much as the obtrusion of family affairs into the region of public comment. But we write with the freedom of history about the illustrious dead. And we say that surely no statesman was ever so happy in his public and private life as Lord Salisbury.

It is remarkable that Lord Salisbury never really had a rival, in the sense of a contemporary competitor for power, either on his own side or the opposite. Gladstone and Disraeli, who were much of an age, were his seniors by about fifteen years, and belonged to a previous generation. Nevertheless Lord Salisbury made more than one attempt to throw the adventurous genius, whom he secretly disliked with the morgue of a great English noble. But Disraeli was too much for him, and during the lifetime of that dominating personality, Lord Salisbury was obliged to play second fiddle. Competitors for that post he had none, for the

Gathorne Hardys and Stafford Northcotes belonged to a different category of men. The late Lord Derby at one time threatened him as a possible successor to Disraeli: but Lord Derby was cursed with the judicial mind, and, as Lord Salisbury wittily put it, "never strayed far from the frontier lines of either party, where he expended his great powers in being disagreeable to his former friends". The retirement of Lord Derby from Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry in 1878, upon the calling out of the reserves and his subsequent acceptance of office from Mr. Gladstone, made Lord Salisbury's succession secure. When Lord Beaconsfield died, Lord Salisbury found himself confronted by Mr. Gladstone, many years his elder, as we have said, and enjoying in the country a power immeasurably greater than his own. It is more than doubtful whether Lord Salisbury could have defeated Home Rule without the assistance of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. However, that assistance he obtained, and on the ruins of the Liberal party and Mr. Gladstone rose to the ascendancy in his own country and the outer world which he claimed and kept from 1886 until a year ago. On Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1894, Lord Salisbury's position can only be compared to that of the second Pitt: he was on a pedestal apart: there was no one near him. To Lord Kimberley, the titular leader of the House of Lords, he extended the grave courtesy due to official position and respectability. Lord Rosebery he always treated as the spoilt and brilliant boy whose exuberant declamation was to be smiled at rather than answered. It was, we think, a misfortune for Lord Salisbury that he was not confronted by a rival of his own age, by a foeman worthy of his steel. Every man requires a whetstone, and latterly Lord Salisbury became sluggish and too indifferent to the man in the street.

How did Lord Salisbury achieve the position of one of the most powerful Premiers that ever ruled the British Empire? We are obliged to answer, by the old, though still rare, qualities of industry, courage, and rectitude of character. He had high rank and considerable wealth which helped him much: what would have become of Lord Robert Cecil, had his elder brother lived, we do not care to speculate. But other Prime Ministers have had rank and wealth, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Portland, Lord Grey, for instance, who have passed quickly across the stage, leaving no memory behind them. It was not his marquise, nor his rent-roll, that gave Lord Salisbury his power over his countrymen and Europe, or the same influence might be at the disposal of, say, Lord Lansdowne or the Duke of Bedford. Lord Salisbury won his place by much the same virtues as other men have used to raise themselves from humble positions. He was an indefatigable worker, sitting at his desk, it is said, for thirteen out of the twenty-four hours. He certainly answered with his own hand, and at considerable length, correspondents who wrote to him on subjects which he thought interesting or important, quite regardless of the rank of the writer, a species of courtesy which other smaller men might occasionally imitate. There was only one kind of intellectual drudgery which he refused, that, namely, of writing out his speeches before delivery. Whether he was constitutionally incapable of remembering a manuscript, or whether he thought that the result was not worth the labour, we do not know. But the habit of not writing even notes beforehand prevented Lord Salisbury's speeches from ranking as oratory. For though the style was incisive and correct, generally humorous and sometimes witty, it was too disjointed and familiar to be read in print by posterity. Indeed Lord Salisbury despised rhetoric, just as he despised self-advertisement, and sham philanthropy, and the other demagogic arts. This contempt for popularity was, of course, one of the sources of his power over the democracy. It must, however, be admitted that in what may be called the lyrical power of statesmen, the power, that is, of saying in great language what the nation is thinking, Lord Salisbury was exasperatingly deficient. It was not that he failed "to read its history in a nation's eyes": no man saw further or more clearly ahead than Lord Salisbury: but he scorned to avail

himself of what Burke called "swelling sentiments" for the purpose of encouragement or consolation. At the beginning of the Boer War, for instance, when everybody was in despair at our reverses, and when the nation was thirsting for a patriotic speech, the Prime Minister stolidly declined to be dithyrambic, and persisted in treating Colenso as a twopenny-halfpenny Somaliland affair. It is very likely that this apparent apathy and levity concealed a deep policy with regard to foreign nations: but at the time it was chilling and disappointing.

The austerity of Lord Salisbury's life was another factor which contributed to his influence. Nothing impresses the masses more than the spectacle of a man, who might gratify all the senses of the voluptuary, living simply and devoting himself to the public service. When people said that Lord Salisbury was a cynic they meant that he did not believe in legislation as a cure for social ills. They could not mean it in any other sense. For he was a religious man, passionately attached to the Church, and a man of strong family affections, as we have already observed. Though his pride and shyness prevented him from mixing easily with his fellows, and though most of his supporters in the House of Commons and some of his colleagues outside the Cabinet were unknown to him by sight, his nature was so generous that he was sometimes imposed upon by importunity and impudence. Once you had gained access to him, Lord Salisbury's courtesy was exquisite, and he assumed the soothing manner of a family physician. In legislation he assuredly did not believe, and it is not therefore as a lawmaker that he will fill his niche in history. Lord Salisbury will be remembered for three things; for having defeated Home Rule: for having kept the peace between France and England at the time of Fashoda: and for having prevented the intervention of Europe in the South African war. In each of these three great triumphs of statesmanship may be detected the ground-note of his character and career. Lord Salisbury was not an orator; not a party manager: not a propounder of programmes. But he was one of the greatest Prime Ministers of the last century, because he had the power of sobriety, the quality which the Greeks called *σωφροσύνη*, the sane and fearless mind, working without friction in its proper plane.

CANADA THE KEY TO THE EMPIRE.

THE conference of modern times is a screen to the transaction of business by methods supposed to be unknown to the democratic man. Nominally all public work, whether in or out of Parliament, whether it concerns the Empire or the parish, is done by speeches, resolutions and votes, and we must at all costs maintain the democratic fiction. The real forces we have to deal with are much the same as those which swayed the primitive men who lived before Bentham, and rarely show themselves in minutes and proceedings. We should like to see a faithful record of the growth of the imperial idea in the minds of the delegates to the Montreal Congress in the period between the drafting and the adoption of the resolutions they discussed. The resolutions themselves are unexceptionable. But it is the visit to Canada which is really important. That has probably done more than any scientific arguments could possibly do to convince the delegates, and their friends and business connexions when they come home, that the Canadian question is the key of the present situation.

Free traders rejoiced over Canada not so long ago. It is always rather difficult to follow their line of argument, for to do so requires an effort of the imagination unnatural to the ordinary man, who has not been brought up in two-dimensional space. But they appear to have regarded the adoption of the preferential tariff as an approach to free trade on the part of Canada, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier was fêted by the Cobden Club. Whether it was so intended by Canadian free traders, who are not exactly of the same breed as those of England, is neither here nor there. It was, in fact, a breach with the colonial system identified with the free-trade movement, and England,

as a consenting party to the establishment of a preferential system within the empire, took a step from which it cannot recede without the most serious consequences. It is a case in which "other things do not remain the same". The Canadian tariff has affected our relations not only with all the self-governing colonies, but with all countries with which we have or hope to have commercial treaties, and, whether we reciprocate Canadian action or not, marks a new era in our commercial history. Abstract economists, on or off the fence, may weave their arguments for and against a change. Statesmen, politicians and business men, on whatever side they may be, have to make up their minds what they will do, and do at once, in view of the actual conditions which have been created.

Canada has not only made the new situation. It presents all the difficulties of the Imperial problem, and all the aids to its solution, in an acute form. It is the only self-governing colony in which the interest of a foreign country has reached, under our happy-go-lucky system of *laissez-faire*, enormous dimensions. If our commercial statesmanship had been equal to our opportunities, there is no reason why our trade with Canada should have fallen to the level it had reached before the adoption of the preferential tariff. It must be a rude shock to the English free traders who regarded the adoption of that tariff as a sign of grace to find that, not only Canadian manufacturers hate it, but even those who engineered it are prepared to abandon it unless we reciprocate. The growth of Canada in recent years is not due so much to British as to United States enterprise; Canadian immigrants come in far greater numbers from the United States than from the United Kingdom. It must be obvious to all who study the problem that if we fail now, nothing can stop the separation of Canada from the United Kingdom and its ultimate absorption in the United States. If Canada goes, other colonies must follow, and the disintegration of the British Empire will be the distinguishing feature of twentieth-century history. If we succeed, we shall not only solve the Canadian problem; the consolidation of the Empire presents no greater difficulty than that. It is not a time in which we can adopt the free-trade text,—"Let us eat and drink free food, for to-morrow we die".

Sir Wilfrid Laurier probably never made the speech to the Montreal delegates in the form in which it is summarised in the daily papers. He is far too able a man to have presented the practical alternatives in the somewhat crude form in which we find them there. We have not found a system of free trade within the Empire impracticable, because we have so far made no approach to it, except the present preferential arrangement on the part of Canada and the South African Customs convention. Free trade within the Empire is the great end to be kept in view, but it can only be reached by a long series of constructive measures, which no one at present could sketch in outline, much less introduce to British and colonial legislators. A common customs tariff for the Empire will necessarily follow, *pari passu* with the establishment of internal free trade. To what extent that tariff will be protective, to what extent imposed for revenue purposes only are questions which a future generation of British and Colonial statesmen will have to decide in view of the economic state of the Empire at the time, and its financial, industrial and commercial needs. A preferential system is a necessary preliminary to the larger measures which a more complete scheme of imperial consolidation involves, and all we have to decide now is what parts of a preferential system we can at once organise, with the greatest advantage to the United Kingdom and the Colonies respectively. It is natural that Sir Wilfrid Laurier should over-rate the "loathing" of "the people of the Motherland" for any change of policy. He has not lived in free-trade circles in England, and so does not realise that the economic case for our present policy has been dead for many years, that we still have some Early Victorian habits and prejudices, which are strongest amongst those who went to school in the early 'sixties but that business people are for the most part relieved to find they are free at last to determine the fiscal policy of the

country on the practical grounds which appeal to them. He should consider also the sore straits of the politician who has to make speeches to his constituents in the autumn on a question he would much rather avoid. He cares for the Empire as much as any one, but he has not yet got his arguments ready. What can he do but "inquire", adopt an air of solemn caution, and speak of the danger of any change of policy? In fact he wants to see a practical scheme which he can fight for through thick and thin. In England there is not so much "loathing" for a new economic policy as a deep-rooted conviction that it is necessary and even inevitable, and the hesitancy in many quarters is, in the actual circumstances of the case, the best sign that imperial consolidation has reached the stage of practical politics. The doctrinaire arguments which would have been considered conclusive a few years ago are scouted everywhere.

But both in Canada and in England the distinction between an Imperial policy and a policy which treats the Colonies and the Mother-country as separate entities has to be pressed home. We are not trying to obtain concessions from the Colonies which will prejudice their development, nor is the United Kingdom asked to make sacrifices on sentimental grounds. An Imperial policy is based upon the fact that it is the interest of the Empire that it should be adopted; that the United Kingdom will secure a fresh lease of life for those economic energies which otherwise must in no very distant future decay; and that the Colonies will achieve a more rapid development than is possible in isolation. English people, at any rate those who reject the free trade nostrums, should be the first to admit that the present arrangement with Canada, if made permanent, and unaccompanied with a change on our part, must be unsatisfactory from the Canadian point of view and incompatible with local aspirations. If we reciprocate by stimulating the wheat production of Canada, their manufacturers will find ample scope for all their energies in the increased economic activity which the influx of population and its demand for all kinds of commodities will insure, while at the same time there will be an ever-widening market for the products of the more highly specialised industries of the United Kingdom. In this manner the question of direct competition between Canadian and English manufacturers will be reduced to its true proportions, and there will be no greater rivalry than there is now between the different parts of the United Kingdom. In this movement there can be no question of the surrender of their independence and freedom of action by any of the colonies. We are not going to revive the mercantile system. Nothing more is required at any stage of imperial consolidation than an Imperial Council to aid and advise in the adjustment of the commercial relations of the Empire.

A HEADLESS ARMY.

THE report of the War Commission will perhaps disappoint many, but can scarcely fail to make some impression on public opinion. It will disappoint because while many deficiencies are exposed, no remedies are put forward. The criticism is destructive alone, the Commission sums up facts and leaves the jury to draw their own conclusions. In any other country, or even in England at any other time, this would be enough, but we fear unless the purport of this most scathing denunciation of our methods of military administration be constantly kept before the people, unless the logical conclusions to which the evidence points be continually forced into view, the Commission will achieve no more than its numerous predecessors. The war, with its disasters and futilities, is already half forgotten. We will therefore recapitulate some of the facts of a case on which men trained to weigh evidence have pronounced a carefully thought out judgment; not all the facts, because some of them are of immeasurably greater importance than others, but only those of the greatest importance. The daily press has gloated over the piquant information that Sir John French has described our cavalry sword "as the very

worst that could possibly be used by any mounted troops at all", and that General Baden-Powell corroborated his opinion. The war did not last the time it did because we had bad swords. The indifferent quality of boots appeals to popular imagination, but we did not fly from Dundee, or abandon the guns at Colenso, or meet with disaster at Magersfontein because our men were ill shod. The evidence points to more vital shortcomings than these, to glaring and hideous deformities in our military system some of which, we dare say most of which, are still existent.

Primarily our failures are to be attributed to bad generalship. The conduct of operations in South Africa was frequently feeble and incapable, because men were placed in command who were professionally incapable when opposed by a foe armed and equipped as well as we were. But there is this to be said for some of them at any rate. They were sent out without instructions as to what they were to do. There was no plan of campaign, no objective, no guiding principle. The Commission considers "that it does not seem an unnatural supposition that a general who is sent out on an important expedition should receive written instructions showing the objective which the Government have in view". Initial errors in a strategic plan are notoriously irretrievable, the whole of military history accentuates the lesson, yet Lord Wolseley a fortnight before the Boers invaded Natal was, it appears, to be found writing "that it is most essential that we soldiers should fix upon a plan of campaign". Conceive a great army launched across 7,000 miles of sea with no place of operations determined! To an army thus foredoomed to destruction inferior boots, bad swords, and old-fashioned guns are but drops in the huge ocean that is to swallow them up. This then was the first, the ineradicable, and the most pernicious of our deficiencies, that we entered on an enterprise without a clear notion of what we wanted to do. With a well armed army or badly armed army, in war, or engineering, or any other business of life such a start could only end one way. The mind, the guiding spirit was not there, and without a brain the stoutest arm is useless. The absence of a brain was however not alone exhibited in the want of a plan. Preparation for war generally is independent of any specific plan, and our state was such that even had a scheme been formulated it would have been difficult perhaps impossible, to carry it out because no adequate provision for war had been made. Yet since 1895 war had been inevitable. Not only that but it is now established that our Intelligence Department, which has been the butt of every fourth-rate scribbler for the last four years, gave our Government quite excellent information as to what it would have to face. Yet our stores and matériel were so scanty that we were not sufficiently prepared even for the comparatively small force which we originally contemplated despatching. We read of great and alarming deficiencies in reserve stores such as caused the Government to grant ten and a half millions to make them good during that black week in December which has become historic. Political reasons for not despatching men and supplies to South Africa, and for not preparing for war, have been brought forward in extenuation of this remissness. A more potent argument, and one which has weighed with the Commission, is that the military advisers of the politicians did not demand more than was conceded to them. Our generals were wrong in their estimates, and the fault lay with the very men who should have shown the soundest judgment. Mr. Chamberlain was more far-seeing and more businesslike than his colleagues. The man of business is well to the front in his letter of 5 May, 1898, published in an appendix, which however appears to have produced no result.

We started then not only without a plan, but without materials to carry one through had we found it. As the war went on another deficiency was discovered. We had not enough men, and, if we had found more of this essential commodity of warfare, we had no officers to lead them. Militiamen and yeomen accompanied, not led, by ignorant and immature lads were sent to

cope with the most cunning race on earth, now veterans with more than a year's training in the field behind them. The Commission reports that in the regular army, even at the outset of the war, there were not enough men of an age fit to go on foreign service even after the reserves had been called out. The resources in men of the whole empire had to be exploited to enable us to fend off defeat at the hands of a power which in population and wealth was contemptible when judged by European standards. In the first months of 1900 we had practically nothing in the shape of an organised force left at home. The scheme of home defence had crumbled into dust, we were at the mercy of any Power that a chance victory at sea might have enabled to land a raiding force on our coasts. Perhaps the most serious deficiency here revealed was in officers. Possibly, such is the state of education amongst us, many of them may have been equal or superior to their brothers in civil life, but the fact remains that a judicial inquiry has informed us that in the case of some of our auxiliary forces men were sent into action under inexperienced youths who "knew nothing"; that there was a deficiency of trained Staff officers, that there was confusion in the Staff arrangements, and that there were no regulations defining the duties and responsibilities of the various officials when large bodies of troops were assembled. The Commission offers no suggestions as to reform, but it points out that if some means to improve matters are not taken, the same deficiencies and dangers will again be encountered. We desire to accentuate this point because it is invariably overlooked. No number of auxiliary forces, no means of attracting men to the army, can be of any use till we can find officers trained and competent to lead them, and not the least weighty argument in favour of universal service is that which points to our being able to supply ourselves through it with ample numbers for the commissioned ranks.

The lack of strategic scheme, the incapacity of generals, the reckless disregard of preparation, the inadequacy of reserves of men for the defence of our homes, all these and a thousand other facts that might be culled from the pages before us point to the most important lesson that the war brought forth. We want system and organisation such as will turn the forces we can command to the best account. We want intellect and brain power in those who direct army affairs, and we must see to it that their knowledge and experience is given scope. Our army has not hitherto been conducted on business principles. The Commission is composed not of soldiers but of men accustomed to take the practical and commonsense view of affairs which men who have to make their way in life by their brains or have been brought up to be "men of affairs" intuitively adopt, and although they make no recommendations, the whole trend and bias of the remarks of these Commissioners is towards a system of managing military matters in which professional knowledge and ability will be turned from petty details towards the consideration of vital principles and problems. And this impression will be increased when those paragraphs which deal with the War Office and its organisation are studied. Here again we meet with no specific suggestions but the need of a General Staff—what may be termed a brain to our army—is again writ large. The Commission clearly approve of the suggestions of Sir Clinton Dawkins' Committee, and they do not accept Mr. Brodrick's resuscitation of the War Office Council as more than a mere makeshift. The Committee of Defence is certainly a step in the right direction, but it is evidently regarded as a step only. Lord Esher in a separate note, in which Sir George Taubman-Goldie and Sir J. Jackson concur, strongly urges the formation of an Army Board on lines similar to those on which our Admiralty Board is constituted. Lord Hartington's Commission recommended that reform thirteen years ago. It involves the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief as it now exists, and the mass of evidence quoted by the Commission certainly supports the views of those who are in favour of adopting this course. To our mind whether a man be called Commander-in-Chief or Inspector-General or Chief of the

Staff matters little. We have seen so many reshufflings of cards in Pall Mall and so few results that we view changes of nomenclature with the same feelings as changes in uniform. What is wanted is a thinking Staff, which would devote itself to the great problems of offence and defence and the provision of men and officers and matériel in quantity adequate to its conceptions. The Commander-in-Chief may be the head of that Staff and may cut himself adrift from the far lower executive functions that distract him now, as indeed Lord Wolseley might have done, had he not taken a view of his responsibilities which is for ever to be regretted. National military education in schools which some Commissioners advocate might and probably would help us. But the partition between it and compulsory service is very thin and we might as well show the courage of our convictions in a form that would ensure good results. Compulsory training will not attract men to the army although it may lessen the initial labours of the drill sergeant. A nation trained to arms means much more than numbers of men who know how to handle a rifle. It means organisation, and skilled leaders, and a competent Staff.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: HIGHGATE SCHOOL.

FOUNDED 1562. HEADMASTER, REV. A. E. ALCOCK.
APPOINTED 1894.

LIKE S. Paul's, Charterhouse, Dulwich and most of the big London schools, Highgate owes much to a mediæval founder and the endowment he left: Sir Roger Cholmley studied and practised the law and rose rapidly to be Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1552: but the law proved not only his making but also his undoing: he had assisted Edward VI. in executing his will whereby the King disinherited his sisters: consequently, when in 1553 Mary ascended the throne, she made haste to depose the newly created Lord Chief, and committed him to the Tower. Ultimately Cholmley obtained his freedom but his career was over and he retired to family estates at Highgate, and while in retirement conceived the idea of founding a grammar school for the benefit of the neighbourhood, then a small village near London. This he proceeded to do on the top of the beautiful hill already famous in the annals of London as the spot from which Dick Whittington and his cat in the fourteenth century heard the bells of "Paul's" ring them back to the town with the promise that Whittington should be thrice Lord Mayor of London. There appears to have been on the top of Highgate Hill at least from the fourteenth century a small chapel attached to a hermitage dedicated to S. Michael and All Angels: the chapel was probably used for the benefit of pilgrims resorting to healing springs close by. This chapel seems somehow, probably because it was too small or dilapidated to draw attention, to have escaped the Act of Edward VI. in 1547 confiscating the chantries for the augmentation of the King's exchequer, and at the time of the foundation of the school in 1562 was apparently in the possession of the Bishop of London, then Grindal, afterwards Archbishop. It was clearly a stroke of policy to unite the two ideas, the ancient chapel and the new school, and Grindal and Cholmley put their heads together to effect this. The letters patent from the Queen appointing six governors and one master for a free grammar school for ever are dated 6 April 1562: and on the 27th of the same month Grindal granted the chapel and premises, two acres of Highgate Common and the right to cut eight loads of wood yearly from the bishop's adjoining manor lands to Sir Roger on condition he handed them on to his school foundation. In June of the same year Cholmley effected the transfer to the governors together with his endowment of land in the old parish of S. Martin Orgar's, then of the annual value of £10 13s. 4d.

Curiously enough this very plan, ingenious as it was, seems to have been the undoing of the school for more than two centuries. Till early in the nineteenth century we hear practically nothing of the school and almost no men of any mark were turned out by it. The nearest parish churches were Hornsey and S. Pancras, and the neighbouring parishioners took to

resorting to what was now the school chapel as their parish church, and what was far worse for the school, the master took to looking more after this flock than after the school. So far did this proceed that in 1821 the governors actually proposed to build a parish church for Highgate with the Cholmley money, get a district assigned, and apparently let the school die. Through the energy of some inhabitants, who set the Attorney-General in motion, the matter came before the courts, and Lord Eldon decided in 1827—a conclusion which seems the only possible one—that Cholmley's foundation was to provide a free grammar school for instruction in Latin and Greek, that the chapel belonged to the governors solely for the purposes of the school, and that it was no part of their business to provide church accommodation for the inhabitants of Highgate.

The school is now governed by a constitution drawn up by the Charity Commissioners under the Endowed Schools Act in 1876. It is curious to notice how many of these foundations created for educational purposes in the Renaissance period or earlier have had to be rescued, usually by the courts, from being diverted, very often debased, to very different uses. Cholmley founded his school for forty free pupils: in 1838 that number had sunk to seventeen: luckily for Highgate a new Headmaster was then appointed—the Rev. T. Bradley Dyne—who ruled the school for thirty-five years, and really created it as a public school, doing for Highgate what Thring did for Uppingham or Pears for Repton. The present Headmaster came with a strong reputation from Wellington, where he had for several years been head of the modern side: under him the school has prospered and increased over 100 in numbers. The present numbers are about 320, made up as follows: classical side 97, modern side 80, the lower school comprising the first three forms 71, and the junior or preparatory school 72.

The lower school comprises the first three forms for it is only above this that the bifurcation into classical and modern sides begins: the preparatory or junior school is in a separate building, and is for quite small boys, taking them as young as eight. A noticeable feature at Highgate is that, even in the bigger school, boys come very young as compared with many schools, and often begin at eleven: a boy who recently won a Balliol Scholarship had been in the school nearly ten years, having come at nine and a half.

The school is mainly a day school: of the whole 330 only 80 are boarders, though this is a larger percentage of boarders than at most London schools. The character and life of the school is largely determined by its locality: situated near what agents would call the "first-class residential neighbourhoods" of Hampstead and Finchley, the school has ready to hand material of a good type both socially and intellectually, largely the sons of professional men: this feature, for instance, explains the early age at which boys enter the school: they can come direct from home without the long journey by train which Merchant Taylors' or Dulwich requires of most boys.

The position of the school also accounts for another feature of interest: considerable pressure is put, and we think rightly, on all day boys to take part in the games and social life of the school; where the homes lie close around the school this is possible. All day boys are divided technically into "houses" under a "house" master: this division not only is of use as securing to each day boy a "guide", presumably also a "philosopher and friend", other than his form master, but promotes esprit de corps in each group of day boys so classified and is of obvious utility for inter-house games and matches. Games are compulsory save in cases where parents definitely ask for their sons to be relieved: and a boy not so "signed off", who shirks at all often, is hauled up by the school authorities, and a letter to explain his absence is required. Mr. Alcock's aim is one the importance of which we have emphasised in these pages, to create a day school with the athletic life and social esprit de corps of an ordinary boarding public school: but to secure this he holds that masters must meet the boys half way: the time at disposal is naturally shorter and masters must use every effort to make the social life as real and the non educational school ties as binding as possible.

Masters, therefore, take part in most of the school games, assisting in those of the upper boys, directing those of the smaller ones. The boys all know one another and the masters know all the boys. That the day school with the public school spirit is the type to be developed in the future Mr. Alcock has no doubt: as he rightly puts it, public opinion at the ordinary public school is against work, in the home opinion favours it; the difficulty with day boys is more often than not to prevent them working too hard. At Highgate the school retains the day boys all day: they arrive at 9 in the morning for chapel; then comes school till 12.30: school again from 2.30 to 4.30: Wednesday and Saturday there is no afternoon school. Games are only compulsory on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons; not after 4.30 on ordinary schooldays, though in fact many boys do stay then. Dinner is at 1.30 and is served for day boys either in the houses or in hall. In the hour between 12.30 and 1.30 on whole schooldays games go on and many boys change into flannels and back and get their game in that hour. Considerable accommodation for flannels is thus rendered necessary, and lockers and drying-rooms are provided. There are also reading-rooms under the supervision of prefects for the use of day boys in the middle of whole schooldays when for any reason games cannot be played: simple games such as chess and draughts are provided and light reading, but not novels which might prove too fascinating on fine days and tempt boys indoors. On wet days as many as 80 to 100 day boys can be seen in the library in the hour before dinner. As was natural with his record at Wellington, Mr. Alcock has much developed the modern side at Highgate, which at the time of his arrival was in a weak condition.

French and science now appear to be well taught on the modern side and enough Latin to enable boys to pass the London matriculation. At the same time Mr. Alcock avows distinct preference for the classical training: of course much depends on the parent's choice and the future career of the boy; if science or modern languages are likely to be wanted in the boy's after life, the modern side will naturally be recommended; otherwise the classical, as being the best educative medium. Classical boys are found to be able to cross easily at any period to the modern side and take up the modern subjects with ease, but the reverse process is almost impossible. The whole school is reorganised and rearranged for mathematics so that any trace of social schism between classical and modern is avoided. The school is now well endowed with buildings and general facilities. Quite recently under Mr. Alcock's rule a gymnasium, new five courts, an excellent new science school, a capital dining room on the top of the hall for day boys, and a new playing field have been added. The school also possesses a good swimming bath, and last, but by no means least, probably owing to its excellent situation on the top of the hill, the healthiest position of any school round London.

BRITISH CAVALRY.—III.

THE SUPPLY OF OFFICERS.

ONLY second in importance to the supply of the right material to form the troopers of our cavalry is the supply of the officers. For years past earnest officers, whose duty it has been to educate our cadets, have protested without avail against the anachronism of a system which accepted a large proportion of young officers for our cavalry service who were mentally and physically the inferiors of those destined for the infantry. The vexed question of expenses in the cavalry need not be considered now, it required the war in South Africa and the Report on Military Education to make the public aware of the fact that however excellent some of our cavalry officers might be, there were many who had neither the brains nor the qualifications to be leaders of soldiers.

The Army Order published last spring on cavalry expenses contained nothing new—it merely gave effect to what for years had been urged on the authorities by thinking men anxious to see our cavalry officers selected

from a wider class than those possessing £400 to £500 a year and upwards. The recent regulations, if honestly acted upon, will enable young men with between £250 and £300 a year to accept commissions in cavalry regiments and more than this need not be insisted upon, since there is already a good supply of candidates for service in our infantry corps whose relations can give that amount and who under the altered conditions could afford to enter the cavalry. It would be unwise to attempt to carry the principle of economy too far, at any rate at present. Certain it is there are many first-rate young officers now serving in the infantry, who although debarred from entering the cavalry by the prohibitory tariff of a £500 per annum allowance, could and would have done so had the expenses been half that sum. Such men hitherto have been lost to the cavalry and their loss is all the greater since they come in many instances from among the very classes which would unquestionably supply the best "rough material" for cavalry officers—namely the sons of soldiers and of our country gentlemen. In no arm of the service is there a greater demand for a full complement of officers and a big reserve than in cavalry. The losses of a cavalry regiment among the officers in a protracted campaign is one of the many things which the public do not realise. In addition to all the chances of battle there is the daily increasing drain of officers killed or wounded or captured by the enemy on reconnaissance work and of others who break down owing to the amount of exposure and hardships incidental to the extra work.

A single example from South Africa will suffice; of the twenty-five officers who served with the 9th Lancers and covered Lord Methuen's advance to the Modder two were killed, eleven were wounded, some several times over, one died and five were invalided of diseases brought on by exposure. Six only came through the war unhurt. No words of mine could more eloquently press home the imperative necessity for an ample supply of cavalry officers in reserve. Now the very best rough material for all officers and par excellence for cavalry officers will be found among the ranks of the sons of our country gentlemen, lads who have been brought up to ride and have a genuine love for horses.

These young fellows might be invited to come forward as candidates for cavalry commissions and as such be attached "on probation" to their county regiment during, say, the summer vacation of the public schools and colleges, to be supplemented by as many months' continuous service after leaving school or college as would amount to two years' total service. They would be provided with horses, arms and saddlery and a simple working uniform and put through precisely the same training as the recruit for the ranks, eventually performing the duties of second lieutenant.

It would be easy to select from among these those "likely to become efficient cavalrymen", who would eventually obtain commissions. Those who were found to be unsuited for cavalry work might, if otherwise found competent, be commissioned in infantry corps. The military authorities would thus have every opportunity for passing the ranks of the cavalry aspirant through a sieve and for rejecting those found to be undesirable for either or both arms of the service; and this without "the unauthorised interference of the subalterns" of which the public have only recently become aware. The question of "entrance examinations" of a modified form and of a qualifying nature would naturally enter into the scheme since there is no desire on the part of the cavalry to accept uneducated men—"men who cannot write an intelligent report" for example. Once commissioned, only those who developed marked cavalry aptitudes should be allowed to soldier on beyond thirty years of age. It would be infinitely cheaper to the country to get quit of such men with a gratuity rather than retain officers who after ten years' service are obviously unfitted for higher command. In fact only those who are desirous of making the army a profession for life and during their service have proved themselves keen and capable and have given up their time to the serious study of their profession should be allowed to serve on. One more essential qualification for a cavalry leader is that, whatever his age may be, he must retain the strength

of will peculiar to the truly military character. If he loses this, he is no longer "young enough" to command mounted men in presence of the enemy.

It would of course have to be clearly understood by the parents of the young men who thus join the Territorial Regiment as probationers that no slur is cast upon them should they not be among the fortunate ones selected for commissions. The "competition" would be of the nature of all competitions where there are few prizes to many blanks. The slur should rather rest on those young men in the country who, not having adopted some other profession, decline to come forward and graduate as officers with their county regiment. No doubt many young men for family or other reasons might not desire to obtain commissions but after having thus served with the regiment they would help to form a reserve of officers which would be of great value in war, and they would at all times be simply invaluable as officers of Yeomanry.

The idea is, I admit, only roughly sketched out, but beyond it I can see a vision of the cavalry regiments thus localised becoming the rallying point in the several counties of the best of the young men who ride to hounds, or are fond of horses and field sports and who from their training and bringing up would have received the very best possible physical and moral training for the tremendous responsibilities of a cavalry officer in modern war. I can already hear a chorus of abuse of the scheme—how it is to return to the worst principles of "making the army a private preserve for the upper classes", "abolishing open competition" "introducing gross favouritism" "keeping out the poor man's son" &c. All these I flatly deny and what is more, I challenge anybody to reply to my defence of the scheme.

The cavalry arm is admittedly a most costly one to raise, to train and to maintain—always be it remembered at the expense of the taxpayer. Hence the prime importance of officering it (1) from the best possible sources (2) with the greatest possible economy. I unflinchingly maintain that nothing could possibly be more costly than to place our expensive horse-soldiers and their valuable chargers at the mercy of a lad, however worthy and intelligent, who has simply gained his commission by obtaining "high marks" in a competitive examination. It is immaterial whether he be the son of a plutocrat or of a poor man in humble circumstances; he is equally undesirable as a cavalry recruit so long as he is by breeding and education not one of the "horse-loving" population. Obviously the logical and most economic method is to endeavour to obtain our cavalry officers from among the class who have been brought up to ride and to understand horses and who further, from the facilities afforded them for indulging in field sports, show that natural aptitude known as "an eye for country" and a knowledge of "woodman's craft", which is denied to those who have been less fortunately placed in their early youth.

GREY SCOUT.

DUELS BETWEEN FENCING MASTERS.

DURING the present century there was some talk of a double duel or else two duels at separate times between French and Italian *Maîtres d'Armes*, which naturally set one looking along one's bookshelves for information on so unusual a subject. As far as fiction is concerned the lover of Charles Lever will at once think of a certain duel described in "Tom Burke of Ours"—a very storehouse of anecdotal-historical lore—between *Maître François* of the *Voltigeurs* and his foster-brother *Piccotin* who was *Maître d'Armes* to another regiment. The only reason for the duel was that after three years' separation they met with all the affection of brothers but unluckily in a moonlight walk came upon a greensward perfect for a trial of skill, and yielded to the swordsman's impulse with the result that *François* killed *Piccotin* when both had lost their tempers. I pass but a little way along the shelves from "Tom Burke" to come upon a little work which avowedly contains the truth and nothing but the truth, or in which, to quote textually from the author's preface there are no "récits imaginaires, tout y est scrupuleuse-

ment vrai, puisé aux sources d'une absolue authenticité". The title-page runs thus "Duels de *Maîtres d'Armes* par *Vigeant*, *Maître d'Armes* à Paris, Paris, Imprimé par *Motteroz*. 1884". Monsieur *Vigeant* was, as all amateurs of "the white arm" will recall, a remarkably "tall man of his hands" with sword and foil, and his style in writing has something that recalls the crisp conversation which passes between sword blades wielded by masters of the art. His little book, the quality of which is quite out of proportion to its small quantity, dealt naturally enough with masters who flourished before its date, the memory of whose fame it helps considerably to keep green. He opens fire, or to use a metaphor more suited to the subject-matter, he begins his attack with a reference to the year 1825, one of the most brilliant periods of the history of fencing in France. Among the great names were those of the celebrated "coloured" master *Jean-Louis*, of *Charlemagne*, of *Bertrand père*, and of *Lafaugère* (of Lyons), while well foremost among the younger and still rising men was *Bertrand fils*. At the early age of twenty-seven he was Professor to the *Gardes du Corps*, a high and envied position, the possession of which did not soften the asperities of a disposition that, generous and open enough, was not the less headstrong with a decided leaning towards nervous irritability. No less a personage than *Legouvé* described his fencing in a *salle d'armes* as being so full of passion as to recall the real thing, while he added that no one was more ready to drop the foil and take up the duelling-sword instead. In short at this period of *Bertrand's* career it was not at all surprising that his head should have been a little turned. Now it so happened that the great *Lafaugère*, mentioned above, as will frequently happen with clever men who excel in one art, was more proud at heart of his indifferent amateur painting than of his wholly admirable skill with foil and blade. It happened also, more unfortunately, that *Bertrand* in the pride of youth and success one day made a careless remark suggesting that *Lafaugère* had taken up painting as a resource for the rapidly approaching time when he would have to drop the foil. (*Lafaugère* at this time was but forty-five years old.) Of course the usual *d—d* good-natured friend overheard the remark and travelled first all the way from Paris to Lyons to repeat it to *Lafaugère* and then all the way back from Lyons to Paris to carry a challenge, in company with a Lyonesse friend, from *Lafaugère* to *Bertrand*.

I pass over the preliminary narrative which is intended to mark and does mark very well the peculiarities of temperament in both the masters in order to come to the actual duel which took place in the wood of *Vincennes*. *Lafaugère's* seconds were the two friends already mentioned; *Bertrand's* were naturally two officers of the *Gardes du Corps*. The affair had of course excited much attention and the "gallery" was distinguished and numerous. Of the principals *Lafaugère* was particularly calm, *Bertrand* was excitable and his nerves were a little on edge with annoyance, partly due to regret for his own thoughtless comment on *Lafaugère*. *Bertrand*, on the word given, advanced, pressing hard on his adversary who, quitting the other's blade, tried a stop-thrust which *Bertrand* parried instinctively. This rallied *Bertrand*, if one may use a paradoxical phrase, to a greater calmness and there followed two encounters during which there was nothing to mark save the extraordinary brilliance of the sword-play and the hushed admiration of the spectators. When the swords crossed for the third time *Lafaugère* who had hitherto kept on the defensive suddenly changed parts with *Bertrand* and by threatening tactics left to the Parisian the choice between giving ground and counter-attacking on the Lyonesse master's feints. *Bertrand* took the latter course and on a feint in the high line by *Lafaugère* made a beat on the blade and followed it with a swift attack on the low line. *Lafaugère* had foreseen this, parried the attack, almost as it started, in quinte and gave a lightning riposte in carte. Then appeared a red stain on the shoulder of *Bertrand*, who paled and dropped his sword. *Lafaugère* had the instant before stepped back lowering his own weapon. The surgeon pronounced that the wound was not

dangerous but was serious enough to make it impossible to go on. The conqueror advanced to the vanquished and proposed a reconciliation in the most courteous terms. Bertrand bowed and with some difficulty pressed the hand offered to him. The duel was at an end.

But a day or so later Bertrand's friends, thinking that a duel terminated by "first blood" was not so fair a trial of pure skill with the white arm as they desired, proposed to Lafaugère that the two masters should engage in a public assault in a fencing room at the end of a fortnight, by which time Bertrand would be completely his own man again. The proposition was cordially accepted by Lafaugère who begged that his adversary would wait until he felt that he was absolute master of all his resources.

The assault took place at S. Germain, well known as the scene of the proverbial coup de Jarnac. The supporters, pupils and admirers of Bertrand were greatly in a majority among the spectators. The preliminary salute was perfectly executed by the two masters. Bertrand this time began by being on the defensive. For two minutes the two blades played together while neither master moved except that Lafaugère almost invisibly gained a little ground. Then by a clever device on the advance he planted a straight thrust which was too quick for the Parisian's parry. There was a dead silence. The next hit, a magnificent riposte, was Bertrand's, and the room resounded with cries of "Bravo, Bertrand, bravo!" from the Gardes du Corps and others. Now came an attack from Bertrand. Lafaugère met it with a simple parry and riposted with a cut-over (his favourite stroke). Silence, broken only by Bertrand's "touché". Then another hit by Bertrand welcomed with thunders of applause. Again and yet again the Lyonesse scores amid dead silence. On the second occasion he raised his hand as a signal to stop. While everyone silently wondered he took off his mask and laid it down with his foil on an empty chair. Then, so to speak, "taking the stage" he clapped his hands violently several times and cried "Bravo, Lafaugère!" This done, before putting on his mask again, he made an odd excuse in courteous terms to Bertrand. It was to the effect that he found himself obliged, with regret, to deprive Monsieur Bertrand's friends of any excuse for their loud applause. He kept his word. From that moment Bertrand had not the ghost of a chance. Lafaugère pressed him close and closer and, despite all his attempts at stop-thrusts, hit him no less than ten times in swift succession with the irresistible cut-over, which, no master but himself dared to employ so freely. At this unprecedented feat there was a universal round of applause for Lafaugère. Bertrand, pale and silent, had taken off his mask, but now replaced it and made as though he would begin again, but was prevented by cries from the spectators of "No! Enough! Enough!" Bertrand went sullenly to the dressing-room to change into "street clothes". Some of his adherents followed him. Lafaugère stepped forward to the remaining spectators, and thus delivered himself calmly

"Gentlemen, I beg you to believe what I am about to say. But for the unmistakable marks of prejudice which I observed at the beginning of the assault now just over, never would I have resorted to such strong measures as I have employed against a young colleague whose skill and intrepidity I recognise better than can anyone besides myself."

Three days later Lafaugère who was known to his contemporaries as the tireur phénomène went back to his salle d'armes and his painting at Lyons. Later on in his life Bertrand found himself playing in his turn the part of Lafaugère with regard to a certain young and fiery Gascon Master who had made a great and deserved reputation in England, and in this case also matters were put to the test both with "blunts" and with "sharps". It was in 1835 that Lozès (that was the Gascon's name) burst on the astonished fencing world of Paris. He had previously made his reputation, as has been said, in London, where such swordsmen as Saint George, "la Chevalière d'Eon", Angelo and others had made the science of the white arm a veritable cult. It was certainly the mark of a

Master that on his return to Paris he was regarded as a "star" among such luminaries as Bertrand "le roi des tireurs", Bonnet who represented the school of the great Jean-Louis, Gomard fils, author of the "Traité de l'Escrime", Daressy, son of Lafaugère's master, Pons aîné, Mattieu-Coulon, and Grisier, whose device was Ense et Calamo. It was a matter of course that Lozès should measure himself against the brightest of this galaxy, Bertrand. At their first meeting Bertrand did not score as was expected. The young Gascon attacked with fire and fury and touched Bertrand several times, and when Bertrand began to make up for lost ground Lozès asked for "the last hit" and got it, full on his chest. Still this did not wipe out his success at the beginning and the whole thing was rather a rebuff for Bertrand. Of course there was much talk on the affair. Bertrand said to one of his friends "I know all about it. The Gascon is as cunning as a fox". "What do you mean by that?" asked the friend. "Watch" replied Bertrand "the beginning of the assault when next I fence with him, and you will understand what I mean."

When the next assault took place Lozès as before forced the pace at once as hard as he could. At the first attack Bertrand stepped back as he parried and you could see by the peculiar twitch of his lips that he was suppressing some expression of contempt. Lozès on this attacked with renewed vigour and succeeded in planting four good hits in succession full on Bertrand's chest. After the fourth Bertrand seemed to pull himself together and planted four lightning lunges the one close on the other on Lozès. The Gascon made a vain attempt to take the offensive again but encountered a perfect defence parry followed by an irresistible riposte. Lozès now assumed an air of fatigue and deferentially asked for the last hit, a request which Bertrand with a polite but sarcastic speech granted. Bertrand's attack now was magnificent but the wily Gascon by an adroit though by no means unfair trick of fence managed to make a "double hit" of it and thus for the time gained his end.

A pupil and friend who walked away with Bertrand pointed out to him with many apologies that all great masters have certain weak points, that his, Bertrand's, was an excess of the nervous and impressionable temperament, by reason of which he was never at his best when an assault began, and that the Gascon, watching Bertrand's play day after day, had at last discovered the weak point and taken advantage of it. Bertrand fully agreed with what his friend said, and only added "Don't worry about it: I shall have my revenge, and then this shifty fellow shall know with whom he has to deal".

So said so done. Shortly afterwards Bertrand met Lozès who tried to avoid him in the street, and after aiming various carefully veiled insults at him threw off the mask and offering him a thousand francs if the Gascon would fence with him again in public appended a condition. He laid his big hand on the Gascon's arm and said with unmistakable emphasis "The assault is to last for half an hour—you understand?—for half an hour, not for a few minutes only". The Gascon turned all manner of colours, disappeared, and presently sent just what Bertrand wanted, a challenge to an encounter with "sharps". The duel took place in the wood of Meudon, chosen because it was a place very little frequented, and contained an open space which was just the thing. The Gascon's seconds were in good spirits as they remembered what had happened before. The Parisian's supporters were nervous on account of Bertrand's weak point. Lozès attacked on the low line. Bertrand, with a lowering look on his face, quietly retired and parried, while he became more and more master of himself. In the second phrase however Bertrand, too slow on the retreat, received a prick below the knee of which no one but himself became aware. So perfect was the Parisian's self-control that Lozès himself thought he must have been mistaken. What Bertrand had at first suspected soon became evident. Lozès played for nothing but the knee, never for the body. Of course if he could lay up Bertrand for a week or two it would be a tremendous feather in his cap. After a little of this Bertrand cried "One moment please", turned his back, and walked to a

path where was collected a heap of rubbish from a house recently pulled down. From this he chose a stone about as big as a child's head. With this in his left and his sword in his right hand he walked back and faced Lozès. "Listen", he said to the Gascon, using the on this occasion contemptuous *tu*, "if you persist in playing at my leg as you have done for the last five minutes, as sure as Heaven's above us I'll drop my sword and smash you with this". Before the Gascon, taken entirely aback, could answer Bertrand continued striking his own chest "Play at that—there's room enough for your point if you can find the way!" They touched blades again, and the Parisian's sword began to speak in earnest, and in two minutes the Gascon received a wound below the shoulder which was disabling and serious though not mortal. Bertrand came forward and pressed his hand while the "first aid" bandage was put on. Lozès had one moment of pleasure. His quick eyes discerned a slight red stain on Bertrand's trouser. As Bertrand and his seconds got into their carriage Lozès uttered the one word "Poseur!" and that was the only satisfaction he got out of a duel which completely established Bertrand's supremacy.

"LA PAUVRE THÉRÈSE."

HOW are we in Paris to-day: we, the Parisians, we, the mondains, ministers, statesmen, lawyers, and financiers who began the year humiliated, indignant, and full of fears? Fatigued, of course; and still sorry for ourselves, and still haunted by unpleasant memories, but, on the whole, amiable and good-tempered. Reputations safe, thank heaven! And now we come to think of it, was our good name ever in danger, was our honour ever really at stake? Certainly we had been the guests, even the friends, of that family of six; but that was our misfortune, not our fault. We were victims, not accomplices; at no time did it occur to us that the family of six were undesirable acquaintances, although we admit now, as we privately admitted then, that Madame was a short, stout, plain, common little woman. But she was hospitable and she was genial, and she herself laughed at her slips; and then Monsieur painted pretty pictures and composed pretty poems, and Romain was dashing and amusing, and Mdlle. Eve and Mdlle. Marie were pleasant and obliging, and Émile, if not distinguished, could be entertaining when he liked. So, nothing suspicious about that family of six. Indeed, something attractive about that family of six. I fancy, after all, that we were unnecessarily alarmed for our dear selves when that family of six disappeared, was found, was brought back to Paris, and conducted to the Palais de Justice one Saturday morning. At all events, our reputations are safe. We can laugh again. We can recall our visits to the mansion in the Avenue de la Grande Armée with a certain equanimity. We can even afford to sigh, "Cette pauvre Thérèse".

Visions and reminiscences, then. In the monde we picture to ourselves the childhood of our late hostess, when she was a "petite Thérèse". She wears a pinafore and has her hair in a net. She is at school, and clever at arithmetic. Yes, Thérèse has copy-books, and Thérèse has ink fingers, and Thérèse frolics in the playground with Charlotte and Jeanne and Germaine. Why, however, does she take Jeanne aside? Well, Thérèse would borrow Jeanne's locket; and when she has done with Jeanne, she approaches Germaine and begs her for the loan of her bracelet, and finally, from Charlotte, Thérèse obtains a string of beads—and somehow or another she mislays the trinkets, and never recovers them, to the grief of Jeanne and Charlotte and Germaine. Also, "la petite Thérèse" borrows sous. "Prête-moi un sou", she says, "je te le rendrai demain". But on the morrow "la petite Thérèse" is unable to pay, and so she gets a bad name, and is avoided, and is pointed out to the new pupils as a young person to be shunned. Often she cries, "One of these days I shall be rich". And when the pupils inquire "How do you know?" then does "la petite Thérèse" assume a mysterious expression and reply, "That I cannot tell, but you will see". She is given to brooding—perhaps over one

Robert Crawford. She is fond of sums: covers sheets of paper with millions. And when she is a jeune fille she is voted the most brilliant of pianists. Yes, Thérèse is in great request as a pianist—but no one can persuade her to play more than one piece. Always the same piece—so that the guests at last weary of it. And then Thérèse is amiable, Thérèse is kind: Thérèse promises to play new pieces if the guests will allow her to put the lights out. Timid Thérèse, who would play in the darkness! We respect your modesty, Thérèse. We sit listening to you, admiring you, in the dark. Wonderful, wonderful! Again, again! But—someone suddenly turns up the lights and then, O then, what do we see? Thérèse is not at the piano: Thérèse is seated beside her music-mistress, who has taken her place.

So, in the monde, we picture to ourselves "la petite Thérèse" and Thérèse, the pianist; and then we recall our first meeting with Madame Thérèse Humbert in Paris. Mercy, what a mansion, and heavens, what display! "La petite Thérèse" spoke the truth: she is rich, rich. And we are taken amiably, familiarly, by the arm, and led up the handsome staircase, and conducted into a luxurious room, and shown a safe. And then Madame smiles; and we are awed, and we remain speechless with emotion . . . to think that millions and millions are in that safe! And to think that the possessor of those millions is this short, stout, plain, common little woman. Ah me, who would not pick up and care for a gentleman in an apoplectic fit? Are there no others about, equally wealthy and equally grateful? Tell us the whole story again, my dear Madame Humbert. Yes, from the very beginning. No, let us remain in this room, and sit round the safe. . . . Mild, admirable Frédéric, who paints! How we rejoice with you when your picture is exhibited in the Salon, and how indignantly do we contradict the spiteful rumour that you have a "ghost". All of us go to the Salon, stand before your picture; and we say "Exquisite" and "Adorable" and "Ravishing". And which of us has not read and enjoyed your poems, which you have had bound so charmingly, which you have sent us with a modest little note? "Yes", says Madame, "Frédéric is very clever", and pats him on the shoulder. . . . Wonderful chef, wonderful Romain to choose such wines! A toast, chère Madame—shall we say, to Robert Crawford? And our hostess is graciously pleased to consent to the toast, and sighs, and wishes those nephews were half as good as their uncle who, in spite of his apoplexy, was ever thoughtful and grateful and pleasant. Thirty of us at least round this table. Thirty of us, all more or less distinguished. Thirty of us who shake with laughter when Madame Humbert describes the visit of a creditor. He actually wanted to be paid at once! He would not wait until the Crawford inheritance had passed to the family of six! So Émile kicked him downstairs, parole d'honneur! Down the stairs went the creditor. And then—how the thirty of us laugh and laugh.

"I will speak when the time comes": and we tremble. What appalling secret has she to divulge? Which distinguished personage is to be proved a criminal? Suspense! So, in the meantime, in the Palais de Justice, we watch Thérèse Humbert, and admire her. All eyes is the Parisian, and he rejoices when Thérèse breaks out into long rambling statements, and when she denounces M. Lépine and M. Poincaré and the Minister of Justice. When Frédéric speaks she keeps her eyes fixed on him, ready to pull him up if he commit some indiscretion. The Parisian loves "la grande Thérèse"; and when she rises to make her terrifying disclosure the Parisian is lost in admiration. "Elle va parler." Yes, she speaks and speaks; and at last arrives at the words that have become a phrase in Paris, "le nom odieux". Then, the Parisian laughs, laughs and laughs; and goes out into the streets to tell how Thérèse Humbert was closely connected with the Franco-Prussian War, and to vow that France would have won had only Thérèse Humbert been in command, and to declare again and again that the Humbert case has been more amazing than the Panama and Dreyfus affairs. Think, Bazaine, Metz again! Who but Thérèse would have thought of Régnier? Who was Régnier? All over Paris goes the Parisian, seeking information about Régnier. Out comes Fursy, the chansonnier, with a

new song, "Le nom odieux". Out come other chansonniers with songs on Frédéric, Romain, and Thérèse. And on goes the Parisian, professing deep, unalterable admiration for the woman who has set everyone talking of Régnier, Bazaine, and Metz again. However, in the monde, the mondains, ministers, statesmen, lawyers, and financiers content themselves with recalling their relationships with the family of six. Reputations safe, thank heaven! I think we may keep Frédéric's book of poems, as a souvenir; and I think we may agree again that Romain was dashing and amusing. We were deceived, shamefully deceived; but we cannot think of the sentence, five years' solitary confinement, without some emotion. Will Frédéric be allowed to paint: Frédéric in the Melun prison, only a short distance from the country-house once inhabited by the family of six? And Thérèse, at Rennes, will she fret over the separation from her husband? Fancy the dashing and amusing Romain in a cell! No prospect whatsoever of the Court of Cassation ordering a new trial; but perhaps, after a time, a pardon, and then? Well, in the monde, it is agreed that, in some corner, Thérèse Humbert has concealed a pleasant little fortune, and that when she is released she and Frédéric will retire to a quiet spot and there live happily ever after. But—Rennes and Melun!

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF AN ENGINE.

LET us explain ourselves. A bad start, for it ought to be as easy to say what we mean in the first instance as to say it again by way of explanation. And if we cannot get beyond the title without explaining, where shall we end? Why cannot the title speak for itself? Well, we rather think it does; but it requires explanation, because while we believe it will say to the reader exactly what we want, it ought not to say it. And we wish any superior person who may read this to be aware that we know what we are saying; and to realise that he will find here no opportunity of showing his superiority. The ordinary person when he talks of an engine nine times out of ten means the steam-engine which draws a train; and that is what we mean. But it is, of course, very loose talking, since engine is one of the most general words in the language, covering every conceivable machine, from an axe to the latest electric motor. And yet if we attempt to define by preciser words, we get only into deeper difficulties. A locomotive engine? But that includes steamships, electric yachts, motor-cars, and a dozen other things to which nothing we are going to say would apply. Land-locomotive? That is a hideous word, and includes motors. A steam-land-locomotive? That would include some motors, and really what would our purist say to a title which ran "The Physiognomy of a Steam-land-locomotive-engine"? There is no help for it. We must be content with a title unscientific but understood of the people.

What is the key to an engine's physiognomy? All who have the intelligence to cast a glance at the engine which has taken or is to take them whither they would go will admit that the engine has a physiognomy. There is something human, something personal about it; and most of us feel it. That is why hundreds, who know nothing of mechanics and care as little, who have no turn for machinery, take a lively interest in these engines. It is impossible otherwise to account for their fascination, for other machines have it not. Those who take interest in stationary engines, in the engines of a mill for instance, or in the engines of a great liner, do it from an intelligent interest in machinery. Not at all those who love railway engines. We have known many whose invariable custom it is to go and look at the engine every time they take a journey of any length, who know the engines of every railway in the kingdom by their appearance, discriminating between the different railways at a glance; also between the different patterns of the same company's engines and their era. And these people will talk about engines, comparing their admiration and dislikes, with the utmost zest; nor are they men only; we have known ladies full of this enthusiasm; and girls feel it nearly as much as boys. And yet none of them had

any scientific knowledge of mechanics, none of them understood an engine at all. Their interest is certainly not intellectual. It is human. They have a soul for these engines, because these engines have a living personality.

And one feels that this is so by comparison with other machines. Compare the sensation stirred in one by the inrush and roar of a tube train with the majestic gliding in of a "Scotchman" or a "Cornishman". The tube-engine repels as an amorphous mass, "horrendum, informe, ingens"; while the North-Western or Great Western engine comes as a living thing of self-contained power, a splendid giant laying down, as it were, his great strength, having performed his appointed task. Other engines produce quite an opposite effect, though equally human. The little engines of suburban trains, the small Brighton machines or the North London, for instance, come in with all the noise and fuss, the fume and fret, manifested by little minds and little people when they have accomplished a very little thing. And these engines are vocal. Stand by one about to start, with steam up, its whole body vocal and a-tremble, or blowing off with a roar, and who has not felt that it was the very embodiment of impatience to be off, of a longing to start? And how humanly it pants and labours up-hill! And the scream on plunging in the darkness of a tunnel, how inevitably it suggests a strong protest, as a horse resents a jump but yet takes it. There is something in the phrase "Iron Horse".

But there is yet more. An engine has an expression, and this more than anything gives it personality. Look at an engine, and you can see at once that one looks noble, simply noble in its strength, another gigantic in force, but not noble, an expression of mere brute strength. Some engines have a lofty, almost supercilious expression, others almost foolish. Some have an air of smug stoutness. Then there are engines that distinctly look angry, and others comparatively gentle. Most of them of any size have a more or less commanding expression. What is the key to this physiognomy? Where is the seat of expression? On the whole it seems to be the funnel. Height or shortness of funnel seems to make the face of an engine. It has been easy to observe this lately, as the engineers of most English railways have been shortening the funnels. The old broad gauge Great Western had a much finer expression than the last new pattern with the short funnel. The new engine looks powerful indeed, but the short black funnel has given it a sinister ugly expression. The new Midland express engines have an almost vulgar look, in their stoutness, compared with the refined physiognomy of the old single driving-wheel express, perhaps the most graceful railway engine ever built. The straight funnel, without rim, narrowing from top to base, a Mother Goose's hat upside-down, gave the old South-Western, South-Eastern, and Great Eastern engines an almost foolish and simple expression. For pure dignity the old Great Northern, that severely unornamental machine with the enormous driving-wheel, would carry the palm. The North-Western expresses have always worn a fine look of contained power, but their black colour and the contracted shape of the funnel, suggesting a knitted eye-brow, give it a harsh turn. Still so strongly did these engines appeal to one we know, and one who bears a very well-known name, that he taught all his children, girl or boy, to bow to a North-Western express engine, whenever they found themselves beside one. Nor was there anything silly in this, for it helped the child to a sense of the wonder of the great machine.

On the whole we think it must be the funnel that is the seat of expression, for the absence or presence of a dome, or variety in its shape, does not seem much to affect an engine's physiognomy. And perhaps a conclusive test is the effect of absence of funnel or its reduction to a minimum. Look at a defunnelled engine, and you have a headless trunk. Look again at a certain type on the North-Western, a shunting engine we believe it is, whose funnel is sunk almost down into the boiler, which is humped up under a huge overlying fold of iron. (This description does not profess to be technically correct; it is physiognomic only.) This engine is simply a deformity, it has absolutely the grotesque, repulsive effect of a hunchbacked idiot.

THREE MOODS AND NO MORAL.

I.

WHEN calm-eyed Innocency came
To gaze upon mankind
Remorse before her hid for shame
But would not wish her blind.

II.

That there Miss Innocence she come around
And step a-prancing-like behind the pound
I slips behind them elms and thinks to she—
May you not meet no worsen nor I be.

III.

Again the pause again the doubt—
Again the music unbeat out—
For these two futures and two fates
The powers ordain while Waltham waits.

A. T. K.

A VILLAGE SPORTSMAN.

ONE may find village Graces on a Hampshire green, village Waltons on a Berkshire stream, and village Selous in a Midland covert; and the epitome of the spirit of sport is in them; they have it in a clearer more elemental form than in many of those who have kept moors in Scotland, rivers in Norway or filled their halls with leviathan heads; they are of the soil, no less hunters of its animals than cultivators of its kindly fruits. How they gather at the tops of ridings when cub hunting begins and clamour for the post of beater when pheasants are shot. Their children net the pike in the brook, hunt the plovers' eggs on the ploughs and play what games survive on the village greens. Stolid, taciturn men very often, as if they knew that a sportsman's first duty was immobility and his second silence. Of this type was an old Northamptonshire beater who was never known to shirk the toughest clump of undergrowth or to miss marking a fallen bird. His philosophy was proof against all rebuff. Perhaps it was never more severely tested than one day when his place in the line of beaters, who were walking some low scrub, full of rabbits, was opposite a young and wild shot. Twice he peppered the legs of the old man, who said not a word; but when a third shot came near him he turned slowly to the next man and half in pity, half in wonder, and wholly uncomplaining "How that young gennelman", he said, "do keep pou-ering the shot into my gaiters, to be sure". An old man who used to "stand umpire" in a Hampshire village was much of the same calibre. He looked and was racy of the soil: indeed bits of it adhered to him as if he belonged to them and it was his benign lot always to have just come from traversing a ploughed field. To accuse him of unfairness or of miscounting the overs would have been as absurd as to suspect the Sphinx of winking. He reckoned, as primæval man did, with five pebbles, polished with much translation, which he transferred, as the ball was delivered, from one hand to his pocket with the certainty of a recurring decimal. Another, not unlike him, in Berkshire used to drop pebbles on the ground, enumerating them audibly; but he was less unswerving in his accuracy than the Hampshire umpire and his decisions were less reasoned. Indeed it was the weakness of the old Hampshire sportsman that he thought too much. You could not always be sure of dragging an articulate decision out of him and in this way not a few erring batsmen have escaped; but he never gave a wrong decision, it was said and may be believed; his

experience went back too far. Cricket, he used to say, —indeed on the cricket field he had no other sentiment—was not what it had been in the old squire's day; and he felt it as a slur that, in his last years, when his wisdom was ripest, he was not called upon to exercise his taciturnity to a bowler's appeal so often as he would have wished. In his "flaming days" he had been a great standby of the village team and no man had ever stayed in longer for fewer runs.

But neither in umpiring nor in beating coverts is there scope for the whole of the sporting instinct. It can only be perfectly developed in the active pursuit of game; and higher in the hierarchy of native sportsmen than beater or umpire comes a Berkshire fisherman, who exercised his craft on a stream which one may put, in spite of the neighbourhood of the Kennet, amongst the most beautiful tributaries of the Thames. In the daytime the fisherman was a blacksmith and in his combination of qualities may be reckoned alongside the great men of old, Leonardo da Vinci or that accomplished Jack-of-trades and villainies Benvenuto Cellini. Above all else he was artist, by the river or the forge. The countryside had no smith like him. The delicate tracery of the screen in the church; the sinuous, persuasive iron snakes on the doors of a neighbouring college were the work of his brain and his hand. With the instinct of true genius—and idleness—he would only obey the moving of the spirit. Horses that came for shoeing must go back unshod unless the smith had the inspiration of his craft upon him, though probably they would be left standing a half-hour at the door while he unfolded to their keeper the whole principle of republican politics. But neither in politics nor iron work did his whole heart appear. The real man did not come out in him till twilight, when he moved to his hunting-ground. Legally it consisted of only a short reach of common fishing, always full of trout, in spite of over-work, thanks to careful preserving and parsimonious fishing on each side of it. But the river was richer just above and belonged to one of the class against whom the smith railed in his political moments. It may be that now and again—in the twilight—the boundary was crossed. There is no evidence but beyond question tribal sportsmen did the same; and of tribal days he looked a relic. He might have been a twilight creature. His figure was lank and stooping, in colour dusky and rusty, as he slipped along the bank, some yards from the edge, noiseless except for the swish of the line over his head. He was the hunter incarnate. One hears of modern fishermen who can drop a fly on a sheet of note paper laid on the lawn, who can throw a fly in the teeth of half a gale, who can flick the fly sideways—as Gunn used to throw a ball in at cricket—with the left hand under the lowest branch. No doubt they boast their accomplishments, but could they have caught trout on this pestered reach as our village blacksmith? He made his own flies of any piece of duck's feather that he picked up in the street. He threw it with no conspicuous grace or lightness; but stooping to catch what light was reflected in the open patches of water between the weeds, you could see his moth-like feather drop to an inch, persuasively and to effect. It was a liberal education to watch him in the dusk, the whirr of his reel answering the burr of a grasshopper-warbler in the bush on the other bank. Here was the elemental hunter, yet refined by the spirit of a later sport. He liked to make his own flies, but he would take a gift. He liked to kill his fish, but the idea of a worm was abhorrent to him. Now and again he would sit for a day amid the lines of Thames fishermen, seeking coarser fish; but he was no good at it, he said, and found little sport in it. The trout were his grand passion. His son, more burly, but less of an artist, played cricket for the village, hitting hard, if rarely, and bowling with more vigour than direction. Some efforts had been made once to get the father to play. What traps he would have laid for silly, greedy batsmen, it was said of him by an admirer. But nothing could seduce him. He was a hunter born; and his ancestors must have lived in pile houses. The way of a fish in the weeds brought no despair to his understanding and in his art he was more than Solomon. But if you met him in the blurring atmosphere of

a summer night returning from the hunt, rod over shoulder, and behind him a small imp carrying the fish threaded on a slip of ash, he might have stood for an early Briton taking back to his muddy hut by Whittlesea mere his life-food of fish, pike, carp or tench "so plenty and eke so good".

W. BEACH THOMAS.

FIRE INSURANCE IN 1902.

WITH a few exceptions of little or no importance the reports of the fire insurance companies for 1902 are now available. The best record of the results is to be found in the tables published by the "Policy-holder" of Manchester. The total amount received in premiums by the forty-two principal fire companies was £22,291,386 of which £11,850,320 was paid for losses and £7,589,952 for commission and expenses, leaving a trading profit of £2,851,114. In other words 53·2 per cent. of the premiums was absorbed in paying claims and 34 per cent. in expenses leaving a profit of 12·8 per cent. of the premiums.

If the trading profits were systematically at so high a rate as they were in 1902 there might be legitimate cause for seeking a reduction in premium rates, but last year was exceptionally favourable to the companies and helps to make up for the poor returns exhibited in previous recent years.

The total share capital of the forty companies is £8,509,160. The other two offices in the list, the Hand-in-Hand and the Westminster are mutual companies. The accumulated funds including capital amount to £38,083,000 and the trading profit last year was about 7½ per cent. of the total funds and 33 per cent. of the share capital of 8½ millions. The average profit of the five years previous to 1902 was only 4·9 per cent. of the premium income as compared with 12·8 per cent. last year, so that on the average the profits of the fire insurance companies are by no means excessive.

This is an important point to bear in mind, since foolish clamourings are heard from time to time for municipal insurance and other combinations among policy-holders. Even if the profits of fire insurance companies were excessive when regarded over a long series of years, which is not the case, it does not follow that municipal or mutual combinations would be profitable to policy-holders. Two features stand out very prominently in connexion with fire insurance. One is that average results can only be judged by the statistics of many years and the other is the great importance of expert management. It is not quite fair to judge the results of different managements by the figures of a single year, but the differences in the proportions of profit and loss show how great a variation exists.

Last year the profits of the Law Fire and the Law Union were 28 per cent., of the Hand-in-Hand 23 per cent., and of the County 21 per cent. Valuable connexions are a partial explanation of these excellent returns, but without good management they could not have been obtained. It is questionable if wide experience and capable judgment in fire insurance affairs could not be obtained by municipal bodies or local combinations except at prohibitive cost. In contrast with these figures we have those of the Scottish Alliance with a trading loss of 14 per cent. of the premiums and the Scottish County with a loss of 8 per cent. These are the only companies that show a loss, but the unfortunate National of Ireland has a profit of less than 1 per cent. of the premiums.

There are at present eight companies with a fire premium income of more than a million and two other companies, the Alliance and the Northern will probably soon have a premium income of seven figures. The Royal which received £2,763,000 in premiums made a profit of 13 per cent. The Liverpool and the London and Lancashire both fared well with a profit of 16½ per cent., as did the North British and the Norwich Union with 14 per cent. The Sun made a profit of 11½ per cent. the Commercial Union 10½ and the Phoenix 7 per

It is well known that the great fluctuations in the profits of fire insurance are mainly due to foreign, especially American, business and the good results obtained last year are a welcome indication that the foreign business has once more been put on a paying basis. The great majority of the companies have maintained the same rate of dividend as before, with the result that the reserve funds have increased by more than three millions. This policy is sounder than giving a larger dividend in prosperous years since it enables the dividends to be kept at the same rate in years when, as will certainly happen, the profits lessen or disappear.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STATE OF RECRUITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I hardly think that the charge of failing to recognise the changed condition of the working classes, brought against successive Governments in the letter on "The State of Recruiting" is altogether fair. I have no wish to challenge the figures given as to the pay of recruits, which in the main may be taken as substantially correct. But I think that the steps which of recent years have been taken to better the lot of the trained soldier might have been enumerated as well.

On being dismissed recruits' drill and reaching the age of twenty, the soldier now obtains an additional 3d. a day to pay for his messing, and an additional 2d. a day in order to cover various incidental expenses such as haircutting, washing, cleaning materials, &c.; and under the new regulations as to service, he will obtain an additional 6d. a day when he prolongs his service beyond three years. Thus in all he will obtain 1s. 11d. a day—a scale of pay which, considering that he is clothed, fed and housed at the public expense, competes very fairly, I submit, with the rate of wages now current in the unskilled labour market.

Needless to say that in these days of large army estimates, and of adverse comment on increased expenditure, the country does not pay the increased rates of pay to recruits until they have proved themselves likely to become efficient soldiers. Nor do I think that any ordinary bettering of the conditions under which recruits serve would effect much difference in the quality of those obtained, for the simple reason that the State already taxes in a very high degree the numbers available.

The average number of males in the United Kingdom who annually reach the age of nineteen is estimated at 400,000. Of these the navy and Marines annually require 15,000, the regular army 50,000, the militia 27,000, the yeomanry 8,000, and the volunteers 50,000, making a grand total of 150,000 men. In addition it is estimated that the constabulary, police and mercantile marine require every year another 60,000 men—making 210,000 in all, or half the number of men who annually reach the service age. To these must also be added the not inconsiderable number of men who from various causes of physical unfitness are *prima facie* unsuited for military life; from which it will be seen that the public and marine services of this country tax the existing population to almost as large an extent as the State does in countries where conscription prevails. Thus in 1898, out of the 503,415 men available for service, the German army and navy took 269,120.

Again by eliminating the numbers annually taken in this country for the navy, the auxiliary forces, the constabulary and the mercantile marine, there are left for the regular army but 160,000 men of nineteen years of age; and as an annual batch of 50,000 men are required for this purpose, rather less than one in three of the remaining men are consequently taken for the regular military service alone. Thus it follows that if for the total fighting forces 150,000, or about one in three of those available are taken, and for the regular military forces one in three also of what remains after providing for the other services, and even supposing that the men picked are the least desirable out of each batch of three, the difference between those which are taken and those

which are left can hardly be of a very noticeable character.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

STRATIOTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter signed John Henry King which you publish on "The State of Recruiting" will probably mislead your readers not only on the subject with which it professes to deal, but generally in regard to the advantages of the army to-day.

Will you therefore allow me to point out that "the present condition of recruiting" is excellent, and that the British soldier has now better pay, better food, better lodgings, better clothing and more indulgences of every kind than he had twenty-five or thirty years ago? It appears to me quite extraordinary that an ex-soldier such as your correspondent professes to be should remain so curiously ill-informed on this subject. The "Dr. and Cr. account of a recruit" which he parades in your columns is clearly a "bogus" account—I mean it is not a true extract from a pay-list, as it ought to be if we are to accept Mr. King's deductions from it. On points of detail your correspondent is by no means a trustworthy guide.

A soldier loses 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. not 7d. a day when in hospital unless his sickness is due to the performance of military duty (when the stoppages are wholly remitted) or caused by military service (when the stoppages are reduced by one half). No recruit need wait "nine twelve or eighteen months after joining" in order to receive the messing allowance, for if he be not "efficient" in six months his services will probably be dispensed with, and if efficient he at once becomes entitled to the new messing and kit allowances which amount to 5d. not 3d. a day. With these glaring inaccuracies before me I am naturally reluctant to accept Mr. King's bare statement that in 1876 a soldier was allowed 4d. a day lodging-money when on furlough—is not Mr. King thinking of the ration allowance of 6d. a day which the soldier still receives when on furlough? Mr. King states that the soldier "has no longer the right to say in what manner the canteen profits shall be applied": Does Mr. King mean that in 1876 the soldier possessed such a "right"? If so, Mr. King should offer some proof of so extraordinary a circumstance. It is a pity that in a weekly review like the SATURDAY such apparently reckless statements should be circulated. In conclusion may I ask Mr. King whether in 1876 it was possible for a young man to enter the army and leave the colours within three years, at the age of 21 or 22, with a pension of 6d. a day for thirteen years—which is an everyday occurrence in 1903 under the short-service system.

I am, &c.,

G. W. REDWAY (Major).

THE EXTENSION PICNIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article on the "extension picnic", though it has some superficial application to the summer gathering at Oxford, shows in some respects a deep-rooted ignorance of the cardinal aim and object of the extension movement. The summer gathering was organised with the object of bringing the many different branches into touch. It is not so much that it enables the students from different parts of England to become acquainted with one another as that it gives an occasion for the secretaries and local organisers to compare experiences and to learn their work. A picnic diluted with lectures is not after all so bad a means to the end; and the writer of your article makes no suggestion by which the same object might be otherwise attained.

One would infer from your criticism that this summer meeting is the kernel of the movement and typical of the whole. The writer of the article was probably persuaded into this view by the publicity which is given to this set of yearly lectures and withheld

from lectures of great educational value delivered through the year in all parts of England. For example, in the northern manufacturing towns the lectures are attended by great numbers of working men who find in them a stimulus and a guide to self-education of the best sort. In Oxford, as in many other places, (and this does not refer to the summer meeting,) the lectures have been given and classes held on early closing day, with the object, which has been much appreciated, of giving the shop-keeping class an opportunity of remembering that their minds are intended for other objects than double entry. To take a smaller centre:—Mr. Marriott, the secretary of the Oxford University Extension Society, will lecture this winter at Ryde on English History since the Battle of Waterloo. He will hold a class once a fortnight from five to six which will be attended by all sorts and conditions of people with different objects, but all of them should come away, if they have gone through the very thorough programme, which includes the writing and correcting of essays, with a more or less scholarly knowledge of the history of the last century. The lecture which follows this class will be attended by a greater number of people with more varying objects and if many of them carry away only a superficial knowledge of recent English history, they will at least know more than they did before and can only have benefited by this temporary attention to historical knowledge. But for these Extension lectures, the good people of Ryde would have received no stimulus towards serious reading, and by the help of them something at least is done to keep at the higher level the intellectual interest of the province, while the classes give any student an opportunity of getting good coaching on special subjects. I should be glad to see more of those who have had personal knowledge of extension courses express their opinion of the real educational value they have got out of the lectures and classes. It is a pity that so superficial and partial a view as that taken by the writer of your article should be allowed to pass unchallenged.

I am yours, &c.,

H. D. THOMAS.

FISCAL REFORM AND THE WORKING-MAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, N.W., 25 August.

SIR,—Apparently a certain section of our Press considers that this country should be governed solely in the interests of the poorest classes. I notice that six of the seven halfpenny London daily newspapers object to the making of any change in our fiscal system; not because it would not benefit Great Britain as a whole, but because it would involve an increase of a few farthings a week in the living expenses of the "poor working-man". Now, who are the "poor working-men" that would suffer from this addition to their living expenses? Are they the able-bodied, capable of doing a hard day's work with their hands? Certainly not, as such men, being able to earn their 5s. a day as navvies, hod-carriers, carters, &c., are scarcely likely to be reduced to starvation by an increase in their weekly expenses of a sum equal to the price of a pint of beer. Nor are they the men who work with their brains whose earnings are not so meagre that a few farthings added to weekly expenditure would render them destitute. I am constrained to believe that the sort of "poor working-men" that could not stand this small increase in their food expenses are the mental, moral, and physical degenerates incapable of doing any useful work at all. Persons of this class are notoriously prolific, and if the natural increase among them is not usually greater than among the capable, moral, industrious class it is because their inclination to indulge to excess in strong drink and to live under filthy, insanitary conditions, and the ignorance and lack of care displayed in the treatment of their children cause an abnormally high death rate among them.

Lately however we have so improved the sanitary conditions under which they live and have compelled

to give so much more care and attention to their children that the offspring of the degenerates are almost as likely to survive long enough to reproduce their kind as are the offspring of the capable class. The inferior element in our population is therefore increasing much faster than the superior element, for whilst their birth rate is about twice as high, their death rate is not greatly lower. This probably explains why the richest country in the world contains such an enormous proportion of paupers, and why a race that produces such a large number of intellectually, morally and physically superior people should also produce such a swarm of intellectually, morally and physically inferior people. Whilst, fortunately, our population does not die off at the top, as does that of races whose clergy practise celibacy, it increases uncommonly fast at the bottom. The same thing is occurring in the colonies, especially Australia; and it would also occur in the United States, but in nearly all the American cities the poor and least capable class of married people have to live in flats, the landlords of which refuse to accept tenants with families. This compels the class incapable of earning incomes above a certain amount to remain unmarried, or if married, to limit the size of their families. This they do to such an extent that the incapable class in an American city tends to die out, and the natural increase of the population is confined largely to the more capable, moral and industrious elements.

Humanitarianism of the right sort is all very well, but it is a false humanitarianism which encourages the multiplication and preservation of the mentally and physically unfit. The more the unfit are preserved, the more there will be to preserve. The professional humanitarians rave at society because of the existence in all our big towns of vast swarms of paupers and semi-paupers. They fail to realise that but for the grandmotherly legislation which they insisted upon being enacted these weaklings would have never been brought into the world. Pauperism in England is due to false humanitarianism, rather than to lack of employment, or the selfishness of the rich.

Respectfully yours, J. B.

HOW TO WRITE A QUADRAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 25 August, 1903.

SIR,—In your issue for 22 August, in a review of The Oxford Dictionary, I observe this sentence: "Under quadrat we miss the technical abbreviation $\frac{\pi}{4}$." This, I would submit, Sir, is incorrect. The technical abbreviation $\frac{\pi}{4}$ means a space of lesser magnitude than a quadrat, which is denoted thus: \square

Believe me, yours obediently,
EM QUAD.

THE PRESERVATION OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belmont, Lifford, Co. Donegal.
24 August, 1903.

SIR,—With regard to the preservation of Glasgow Cathedral, would it not be a graceful and laudable act, to affix a brass plate to one of the pillars in the nave of the cathedral, telling, as Sir W. Scott does, the manner in which it was saved from destruction, and adding the date of the event? I do not think there would be any difficulty in getting permission to do so, as the Glasgow people are now, as they were then, proud of their cathedral.

If this suggestion can be carried out, I shall be glad to send a small sum towards its accomplishment, in recognition of the pleasure the old church has given me.

Yours truly,

MARY CLARKE.

REVIEWS.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

"The Memoirs of Francis René Vicomte de Chateaubriand, sometime Ambassador to England. Being a Translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.'" With Illustrations from contemporary sources. In six volumes. London: Freemantle. 1902. £4 10s. net.

"Qu'il fasse son métier—qu'il nous enchante."

CHATEAUBRIAND was a great magician; he clothed the world with the splendours of his radiant imagination, a world which was for him merely the theatre of his enterprises, and he himself a great actor in the glare of the lamps of fame, framed by scenery, now of wonderful solitudes and mysterious forests, now of picturesque cities, and the palaces of kings.

He was the first to be seduced by the spell of his own enchantments. Never for a moment did he cease to be self-conscious, never in his profound egoism did he look on any event however great save as part of the play of which he was the central figure. He had always the grand manner, conscious of the obligations of noble birth, and secure in the elevation of his nature. Elevation, a word beloved by the French, expresses Chateaubriand perfectly in character and in style. The sacrifices he made to his fastidiousness, and to his exquisite sense of honour, were in themselves his reward. He hid his profound self-esteem under that sensitive humility which the finest intelligences use as a protection against criticism. In his most exalted moments a secret discouragement oppressed him with a sense of the futility of success, and in moments of humiliation, of self-depreciation, he could not write to Villele or Polignac, even to the Pope or Charles X. without conveying a reminder that his power had aided their fortunes.

In all intense self-consciousness such reactions are natural; the insight of a sensitive nature sees its delicate balance now weighed down with the dust of impotence, now exalted in the ecstasy of creation. Sublimely discontented Chateaubriand never ceased to desire what was out of his reach, while affecting to depreciate what lay in his grasp, yet in the very act of depreciation estimating its value. Not one item of his magnificence, when ambassador in Portland Place, is forgotten when he compares it with his destitution in a garret in Holborn—he is conscious of it to the very last button of the footman's livery. Yet can one blame his self-esteem? What did not go to the composition of the magnificent canvas of his eighty years! Statesman, poet, soldier, and traveller, if he writes of history, he has helped to make it; painter, he has seen the beauties he describes, the vast solitudes of America, the deep Indian forests where "Atala" was conceived, the glories of Athens and of Rome: philosopher, he has endured the vicissitudes of existence, he has starved and feasted, he has slept in the waggon of a Belgian peasant, and in the palaces of kings. Nor was his fate more various than the contradictions of his temperament. A weary contempt and a deathless ennui lay side by side with a ceaseless ambition, a fiery activity, and what Sainte-Beuve calls "le délire romanesque", an intense and sensuous appreciation of the joy of life. An extraordinary generosity and a genuine nobility of sentiment were combined in him with a curious malignity and an easily wounded vanity. Though his scathing indictment of the vicious and foolish could not be averted by their flattery, yet among the worthy he certainly reserved his praise for those who showed themselves the most appreciative of his merits. Republican by temperament and passionately enamoured of the idea of liberty, his sense of tradition and of honour compelled him to Royalism. A devout Catholic and the defender of Christianity, there always lurked at the back of his mind an ironical reservation, and an æstheticism that was almost pagan. While driven to solitude by mortal ennui, the disease of his own "René", of Sénancour's "Obermann", of "Childe Harold", an ennui conceived in the gloom of his Breton birth-

place, inherited from a sombre parent, and fostered by the dark influences of the tragic age in which he lived, yet his essential vitality, his craving for expression, his thirst for esteem, turned his gaze from the wide horizon of the desert to the illimitable destinies of politics, and changed the luxurious melancholy of infinite yearnings into the satisfaction of artistic achievement. The perpetual and terrible disillusionment that followed his greatest triumphs equally with his deepest humiliations was the keynote of Chateaubriand's character. It was the spirit of the age, a mood following on the reaction from the vast hopes of the Revolution, a pose which even went to affectation in dress. Chateaubriand tells us that in London "in 1822, the duty of a man of fashion was, at the first glance, to present an unhappy and ailing figure; he was expected to have something neglected about his person: long nails; beard worn neither full nor shaved, but seeming to have sprouted at a given moment by surprise, through forgetfulness, amid the preoccupations of despair; a waving lock of hair; a profound, sublime, wandering and fatal glance; lips contracted in scorn of the human race; a heart bored, Byronic, drowned in the disgust and mystery of existence".

In 1800 France was in the midst of a delirious triumph of conquest, and a mad ferment of political ambition, but the times were too troubled for the prosperity of literature. All ideas save those of revenge or ambition were quenched in the blood of the martyrs of the Revolution, all songs save "Ça ira" drowned in the tumult and cries of the battlefields of Napoleon. The genius of Chateaubriand inaugurated the new era, and opened a fresh world of poetry and romance in the exquisite "Atala". He was the earliest of the Romanticists, and the first of the Impressionists. Not even Rousseau or Buffon approached him in appreciation of natural loveliness, Bernardin de S. Pierre is pallid and slender beside his rich beauty of description, and the glowing colours of his palette. His predecessors employed the French language with admirable lucidity, impeccable taste and faultless methods of construction; but in the hands of Chateaubriand it became a medium more palpitating and sensitive; the very look of the words, their sound even to the softness or hardness of a particular letter, enhanced the effect he desired to give. At times his eloquence flowed in a rapid scorching utterance, a torrent of invective, destructive like the lava whose molten fires leave extinction as they pass, vitriolic and biting like the acid which engraves an ineffaceable image; at times like a gentle stream musical and tranquillising, reflecting in its limpid depths the exquisite scenery of its banks. At times his expression is chiselled, fine and logical, admirably sober and appropriate, at others it becomes hysterical, "saccadé d'émotion" full of perpetual antitheses, of "panaches blancs" and "fanfares d'honneur"; the worst taste mingled with the finest natural gifts; at its best Byzantine or "bas Empire" rather than classic.

"Atala" and the wonderful psychological study of "René" formed part of the "Génie du Christianisme", that extraordinary medley of art and theology, "ce coup de théâtre et d'autel". The bitter revolt, the despairing scepticism of the "Essai sur des Révolutions" written in exile three years before, was merely the mood of a discouraged moment. Chateaubriand, a true Breton, clothed himself in Christianity by choice, the garment became him marvellously, and he wore it to the end. The "Génie du Christianisme" is a defence of Catholicism on the grounds of its beauty and utility, a recommendation of its merits to an age of unbelief. It had the good fortune to be published just when Napoleon had decided to reopen the churches. It seemed that not even the Kingdom of Heaven was to be left untouched by his rule. If Chateaubriand had not been a poet, his services to Christianity would have been small; as a theologian he is vague, sentimental, and illogical—persuasive rather than polemic, but as a doorkeeper, a kind of "Suisse", a showman of the treasures of the Church, its beauties of art and poetry, he is inimitable; for his ardent and puissant imagination fired the souls grown cold in unbelief, and won them back to faith and love. Whatever we may think

of the permanent theological value of the work, its effect was immediate and extraordinary and for the remainder of his days Chateaubriand was almost worshipped through Catholic France as the saviour of the Church.

In 1811 Chateaubriand began his masterpiece, the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe", the ripe fruit of his wisdom and experience, the perfection of his extraordinary literary talent, the apologia of his life, a valuable history, a romance full of poetry and beauty, a gallery of portraits painted with brilliance and audacity, admirable in their insight, terrible in their fidelity. He intended, as their title conveys, that the "Mémoires" should be published after his death, not that he feared the result of his daring outspokenness; he had been equally frank in his lifetime. But, illusionist and histron to the last, he would have made his voice heard even from the grave, and hoped that the breezes might waft some flattering incense even to the lonely tomb at S. Malo—"Life does not suit me, perhaps death will become me better". But poverty compelled him to "hypothecate his tomb" and the "Mémoires" by the irony of fate were published prematurely by impatient creditors.

So* in the full glory of his literary fame, he looks back with a tolerant, half-pathetic smile on the feverish hopes, the agonised fears with which, in obscurity, he brought out the "Essai sur des Révolutions", on the first intoxication of the success of "Atala", and on the seizure of fame and repute by the "Génie du Christianisme".

As the ambassador and great minister he can afford the luxury of tears of emotion over the struggling émigré, starving, consumptive and despairing, spitting blood and venom in his garret in Holborn. The perspective of years softens harsh outlines and composes and harmonises the whole. There is less poignancy, less relentless accuracy, while a certain artificiality of sentiment, an affectation in treatment replace the genuine emotion of the moment.

His political career though brilliant was full of disappointments and unmerited disgraces, of "great refusals" and bitter sacrifices.

It was to Chateaubriand's disadvantage that his principles invariably placed him in opposition to the reigning sovereign, whether Bonaparte or Bourbon, and to his credit that his sympathies went out to kings in exile. He never felt so warmly to Charles X. as when he saw that unfortunate monarch discrowned at Prague. It was the lost causes that found in him a defender. He kissed more readily the hand of an exiled than of a reigning king, and bent the knee more low to a little child than to the conqueror of nations. With Henry V. he was all charm and sympathy, with Bonaparte intractable and mistrustful. His æsthetic prejudices, his love of tradition, and his native loyalty bound him to the Capetian dynasty; to the last days of his life, he wrote, and struggled, and suffered for the cause of legitimism. Yet Louis XVIII. and Charles X. found him an inconvenient minister, given to criticism and proudly independent; and in his heart of hearts he disliked and despised them personally. He thought them stupid, and unappreciative of his transcendent literary and political merits. On the other hand, though he consistently opposed Napoleon, and attacked him in a torrent of bitter invective and scathing sarcasm, secretly Bonaparte was his idol, whom he beat and yet worshipped. The magnificence of his tribute to the genius of the conqueror of worlds was no less than the greatness of his denunciation of the destroyer of nations, and of the people's liberty. For Chateaubriand knew that though Bonaparte, in moments of fury, would gladly have had him shot, yet he fully recognised the genius which the Bourbons did not know how to utilise.

In 1823 he represented France with admirable diplomacy at the Congress of Verona, and brought about the successful war with Spain in the hopes that France would recover her military prestige, and even eventually regain her former eastern frontier. If he joined the hopes of his personal triumph to his

* The greater portion of the "Mémoires" was written in 1822, and in 1838, and 1839.

enthusiasm for the glory of France, who shall blame him?

What could be more naïve and delightful than his own estimate of his political abilities in which he compares himself to Solon, Thucydides and Cicero, and argues from them that literary genius need not exclude the faculty of governing well? We have no complaint to make of these delicious self-revelations and of the almost childlike self-importance which caused his contemporaries so much irritation. But can one wonder that as a Minister he was not popular with his colleagues? They thought him fantastic and unpractical. They could not forgive the purity of principle that reproached their opportunism, the extreme limits of self-sacrifice which contrasted with their self-seeking. Monsieur de Villèle said it was not possible to govern with or without him.

Chateaubriand's resignation of the Roman Embassy in 1829 was swiftly followed by the fatal Ordinances, the "days of July", so magnificently described by him, the abdication of Charles X. in favour of Henry V. and the seizure of the crown by "Egalité".

"Philip . . . begged the crown of the people with his hat adorned with a yard of tricolour ribbon."

"Who believes that that soiled and battered monarchy can still impose upon the world?"

"Philip is a policeman, Europe can spit in his face, he wipes himself, gives thanks, and shows his patent as a king."

Chateaubriand reserved his deepest contempt and his bitterest loathing for Philip, who nevertheless, anxious for his services, made overtures to him which were nobly refused. This was his last political temptation, his final "gran rifiuto". A few days later he ascended the tribune in the Chamber of Peers for the last time, and took his farewell of public life in a noble and moving speech. He himself was especially touched by his own eloquence. "When I came to this passage 'Useless Cassandra, how often have I wearied the throne, and the country with my disregarded warnings' my voice became troubled, and I was obliged to put my handkerchief to my eyes to keep back tears of love and bitterness." A truly characteristic French sensibility! "Several peers seemed crushed" he adds, but they were "impatient for perjury", and Henry V. and Madame de Berry were left with scarce a supporter but Chateaubriand. For them he endured a short imprisonment in 1832, which he romantically enjoyed, and returned home "with that inexpressible finish which misfortune gives to virtue". The remainder of his life was spent in honourable peace, in the joys of his beautiful friendship with Madame Récamier, and in the writing of the "Mémoires". Two chivalrous and unprofitable embassies on behalf of Madame de Berry to Charles X. in Prague, and a journey to London at the age of 75, when he stayed in Belgrave Square with the Comte de Chambord (Henry V.) were the last activities of a life devoted to an unhappy monarchy.

We are deeply indebted to M. de Mattos for his two years' labour; nothing could be better than the translation he has made of the "Mémoires", and we thank him for the better acquaintance of so great a personage as their author. M. de Mattos has reproduced in English a difficult and characteristically French style with the utmost fidelity, and yet with none of the awkwardness of the obvious translation.

VERSE IN BULK.

"Laudi del Cielo, del Mare, della Terra e degli Eroi."
By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Vol. I. Milano: Fratelli Treves. 1903.

THIS is the title as we find it on the title-page, but on the fly-leaf we read: "Delle Laudi Libro Primo: Maia: Volume Primo"; and at the side of each page we read: "Laus Vitæ". This first volume contains 8,400 lines, which run on practically without a break; we are not told how many volumes are to follow. The book is printed in somewhat the same manner as "Francesca da Rimini", but with still more elaborate decorations by the same artist, Giuseppe Cellini. The

woodcuts, borders, scrolls, and ornamental letters are very clever in their way, but they are entirely without dignity or severity, they are florid and exuberant, crowded with detail, and almost more diffuse and rhetorical than the verses which they illustrate. Type and paper are both good, but the book as a whole is sumptuous without being beautiful.

In d'Annunzio we see an artist who is often content to be an improviser. Every one of his books contains a certain amount of improvisation, but in "Laus Vitæ" there is nothing else, and it is an improvisation 8,400 lines long. It is written in a metre of three beats, of which the normal type is:

"Il silenzio era vivo",

though it can contract to:

"O Paziente",

and expand to:

"Stretto al seno, e l'uomo abbattuto".

It is divided, for no obvious reason, into sections of twenty-one lines; for the most part the lines are unrhymed, a rhyme being added here and there as a sort of decoration. At the beginning are two prefatory poems, one "Alle Pleiadi e ai Fati", in terza rima, and the other, called "L'Annunzio", in rhymed stanzas of nine lines. The second poem is an "annunciation" of the praise of life:

"Udite, udite, O figli della terra, udite il grande annunzio ch'io vi reco sopra il vento palpitante con la mia bocca forte!"

At the end God speaks: "O thou that singest, I am the Eternal Source. Sing My eternal praises." And the poet replies, promising that he will sing "the thousand names and the innumerable members" of God in His creation. And God says to him: "O son, sing also thy laurel". That is the end of the poem, and underneath one sees the laurel, prettily engraved by Sig. Cellini in the form of a wreath, with convenient ribbons for tying it into its place on the poet's forehead.

There is material, in these 8,400 lines, for a fine poem, which would be rather lengthy if it were 400 lines long, but which might perhaps adequately fill 400 lines. It is the praise of life:

O Vita, O Vita,
dono dell' Immortale
alla mia sete crudele,

chi t' amò su la terra
con questo furore?

Nessuna cosa
mi fu aliena;
nessuna mi sarà
mai, mentre comprendo.
Laudata sii, Diversità
delle creature, sirena
del mondo! . . . io son colui chet' ama."

And this lover of life cries to the immortal mother, to Nature:

"Madre, Madre,
moltiplica questo mio sangue
doglioso, perchè più mi ferva
l'anima e mi sia più divina!
Sano mi facesti nel ventre
della incorruttibile donna
che mi portò. Eccomi sano
su l'erba, con muscoli snelli,
cuore saldo e fronte capace.
Più ragione v'è nel mio corpo
valido che in ogni dottrina."

There, in these lines from the beginning and end of the book, is the poem. They say every essential thing that is said in 300 monotonously excited pages. Briefly and powerfully developed they might have made a fine, though they would scarcely have made an original, poem. Expanded into a book as long as an epic, they fatigue the mind like a journey across an interminable desert.

A more formidable book of verse we have never seen,

and we must frankly admit that its size is enough in itself to condemn it as a work of art. Here is a poem nearly as long as "The Excursion", and "The Excursion" is ponderous as a whole, in spite of its wonderful passages. Yet the chief defect of that poem is by no means a contemptible defect: it is too full of philosophical ideas, it thinks too hard. In d'Annunzio's poem, on the other hand, there are not enough ideas to hold together the loose structure of the verse. Nothing is firm, precise, tangible; there is much talk of tangible things, as there is much talk of ideas; but the words flow and escape, and the verse trickles like water.

With the exception of some parts of "Francesca da Rimini" d'Annunzio's verse has never been equal to his prose. His best prose has, indeed, a genuinely poetical quality, and it has an admirable form, hardly less elaborate than that of verse. There are pages in "La Città Morta", in "Il Fuoco", even in "La Gioconda", which are among the finer things in contemporary prose; and they are personal, they have a form of their own, unlike that of anyone else. But the verse, for all its technical merits, is rarely at once personal and satisfying. It is done after a series of excellent models, whether Verlaine or Lorenzo de' Medici. But it is without vitality, it is a thing made. In "Francesca" a personal style seemed to have at last developed; some of the merits of the prose had at last found their way into the verse. But in the "Laudi" it is the worse qualities of the prose which are most conspicuous; and when the style is at its best, it has nothing essential to say.

NORWAY AND ENGLAND.

"History of the Church and State in Norway." By T. B. Willson. London: Constable. 1903. 12s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR FREEMAN protested with his usual vehemence against the mental indolence of English tourists who visit Switzerland without caring to inform themselves of its history and institutions. If his protest has had little effect, and most of us are content with such scraps of knowledge as the Swiss guide-books are pleased to impart, it is probable that our countrymen journey through Norway in even deeper ignorance. Yet their loss is greater than in the case of Switzerland. For Norway has been connected by the closest of ties with England; its earlier history must be known if our own is to be intelligible, and the visitor who examines the ruins of S. Alban's Abbey on the Norwegian coast and learns that the cathedral of Stavanger was dedicated to S. Swithin of Winchester must feel that England has left its mark upon the Christendom and civilisation of the North.

The record is one of which we may be justly proud, and happily it has been fully preserved, for the consolidation and conversion of Norway fall within the period of literature. Harold Haarfagre, who united the country into one kingdom and drove out the bolder spirits to seek their fortune in Normandy or elsewhere, was the contemporary of our Athelstan, and his descendant Harold Hardrada, who fell before his English namesake at Stamford Bridge, was the half-brother of S. Olaf who converted his nation by the sword and was overthrown by the forces of our Knut and of his own resentful people. The civilisation of England was already mature when the opportunity came of carrying the faith to Norway. That kingdom looked always to the West as its sphere of colonisation and its source of instruction, and for some three centuries England was the dominant influence, though towards the thirteenth century the Low Countries had their share in educating Norway. It was not till the eve of the Reformation that German influences preponderated in the Scandinavian lands, upon which they have stamped their Lutheranism and their idiom. Widely different in structure, with their passive verb and their postpositive article, as the Norse dialects are from the German, their modern literature has copied with servility the German turns of speech and has much less that is peculiar and characteristic in idiom than the Dutch, closely allied as is the latter to the German. That the Northern Reformation should have taken the form it did was

inevitable. The tendency of the age was to strong monarchical government in every northern land except Germany, where the central power was paralysed beyond recovery. The Church in each nation was rich and had a strong constitutional position, but no hold upon the people. It was the one source of strength which the kings could seize without serious opposition. Charles V., loyal as he was to his communion, was as arbitrary in his treatment of the bishoprics of Utrecht and Liège as Henry VIII. or Christian of Denmark. So sees and abbeys fell in the Scandinavian lands, though the name of bishops was retained for the Lutheran superintendents who took their place and some of their powers. In Sweden, the most conservative of the three, the succession was retained, one consecrated bishop having acquiesced in the new order. But even there the office is simply that of superintendent, the bishops not forming a body with joint authority and responsibility but each corresponding directly with the central government, and none regarding the historical fact of the transmission of orders as constituting any difference between themselves and the similar officers in Norway and Denmark.

When the Reformation came the separate history of Norway was ended. Its vitality had never been strong, for the nation had been drained, more severely even than Spain by emigration to America and the West Indies, by the exodus to Orkney and Shetland and Caithness, to the Hebrides and Man, to the Færoes and Iceland, to Greenland and the American Vineland, not to speak of the colonies of Northmen on the mainland of Europe. Yet its history is eventful and full of instructive episodes. The life of King Swerre, especially, who banished two successive Archbishops in the days of our Henry II. and John, and suffered excommunication from Celestine III. and interdict from Innocent III. without losing the loyalty of his people or his clergy, is a striking parallel to the events which passed at the same time in England. But the country could not, in the long run, stand alone, and when the confused and ill-managed attempts at a united Scandinavia had failed it found itself a province of Denmark, so to remain till it was handed over to the Crown of Sweden, in punishment of Danish loyalty to Napoleon and in reward of Bernadotte's adhesion to the Allies. Since then it has flourished under a liberal constitution as the most democratic of monarchies. In Norway alone of European kingdoms is the use of ancient hereditary titles forbidden by law.

But of these later phases Mr. Willson has nothing to say. He closes the history at the moment when Norway submitted with no great reluctance to incorporation with Denmark in Church and State. Up to that point he tells the tale with commendable clearness and accuracy. It is true that he has neither distinction of style nor wide views of general history, and that he prefers to moralise at times concerning effects rather than define causes and trace their operation. He is somewhat pedantic in his presentation of names, as when he writes Jylland for Jutland; and he should have provided a good historical map. But he is an enthusiast for his subject, and his local interest has led him, quite in the spirit of Freeman, to lay stress upon the connexion of places with events. The pleasure and the profit of a visit to Norway should be greatly increased to any traveller who takes this volume as his companion.

EXPLORATIONS IN ANCIENT KHOTAN.

"Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan." By M. A. Stein. London: Unwin. 1903. 21s. net.

THE deserts of Central Asia are slowly being forced to yield up their long-buried secrets. Explorers like Dr. Rudolf Hoernle, Dr. Sven Hedin and Mr. M. A. Stein are doing farther eastward what Sir Henry Rawlinson did in Mesopotamia, and if their achievements are less remarkable than his, they are hardly less valuable. Rawlinson's cuneiform discoveries revealed the records of ages long before Christ; the monuments, manuscripts and inscriptions unearthed by those in whose footsteps Mr. Stein has followed with extraordinary success do not go back beyond the third or fourth century A.D. Mr. Stein's account

of his "journey of archaeological and geographical exploration in Chinese Turkestan" has already been issued in a scientific and official form which is necessarily beyond the reach of the general public. Only one who is as enthusiastic and persistent as he in quest of all that pertains to old-time civilisation and culture would have faced the ordeal of writing a book which covers the ground again for the benefit of the whole world. Not until we had seen this narrative was it possible to know how much the public which interests itself in exploration and archaeology would have missed if Mr. Stein had been content that his reports should be catalogued and held in reserve in official pigeon-holes on behalf of the specialist and the student. There is a fascination about such records which even the average man not devoid of imagination finds it hard to withstand. The risks of the journey from Calcutta to Khotan and the plunge into the heart of the desert accompanied by a band of more or less barbarian natives would in any case supply material for a far from commonplace work of travel, but when we know that there are possible prizes to be won in the shape of relics which will clear up certain obscure periods of Central Asian civilisation, when we remember that the journey is often along the routes followed by Chinese travellers like Hiuen-Tsiang in days when cities thrived where all is now desert, a touch of true romance is added. Mr. Stein's discoveries, like those of Drs. Hoernle and Hedin, have supplied abundant evidence of Chinese civilisation exercising its sway over the ancient Kingdom of Khotan. The shrines and dwelling places which the spade has restored to view after centuries of burial beneath the devouring but equally preserving sand bear witness to the culture of that Buddhist centre. That manuscripts and frescoes and articles of manufacture should be yielded up practically uninjured is sufficiently remarkable, but that hay grown a thousand and more years ago should be found and eaten, though its nutritive properties must have been nil, by a hungry donkey belonging to one of Mr. Stein's followers borders on the incredible. The "finds" attest the preponderance of Indian art influences in Khotan from the third to the eighth century. "The rich statuary of the Rawak Stupa Court, and the decorative wood carvings of the ancient site beyond Niya," says Mr. Stein, "reproduce with astonishing fidelity the style and motives of that fascinating 'Græco-Buddhist' art which, fostered by Hellenistic-Roman influences, grew up and flourished in Gandhara (the present Peshawar Valley) and other neighbouring tracts in the extreme north-west of India, during the centuries immediately preceding and following our era. Yet when we turn from these remains to the frescoes on the walls of the small Buddhist shrines at Dandan-Uiliq dating some 500 years later, we recognise with equal distinctness the leading features of ancient Indian pictorial art as preserved for us in the Agarta Cave paintings". Much that is of local tradition on the confines of Northern India is confirmed by the results of Mr. Stein's explorations. It was fortunate for him—and for us—that his appeal to be allowed to undertake this journey was made at a time when the influence of Lord Curzon could be brought to bear in his favour. The enterprise could not fail to be of extreme interest to the Viceroy; but others in authority also, including the Chinese themselves, rendered every assistance calculated to further his views. The book is well illustrated. A map of Khotan affords an excellent idea of the relations of the places he visited but leaves it to the reader to study the position of Khotan itself on other maps.

NOVELS.

"Mrs. Peter Howard." By Mary E. Mann. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

This book is, we think, the first instalment of Messrs. Methuen's new edition of Mrs. Mann's earlier novels, most of which have been for some time out of print. Old friends will welcome "Mrs. Peter Howard", and those who have not read her story are confidently recommended to make acquaintance with it. Mrs. Mann

is in the best sense a realist; that is, the characters which she portrays are full of vitality and of actuality, their actions and their speech are consistent with their several natures. She is true to the Horatian maxim prefixed to "Henry Esmond" and so well exemplified in that great novel—

"Servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet".

In reading "Mrs. Peter Howard" one can hardly fail to be reminded of George Eliot's work, not only because Mrs. Mann is a shrewd observer and faithful interpreter of her contemporaries, but also because she deals with the same strata of society as the older writer. Her scene is a country town and its neighbourhood, her people are engaged in commerce and agriculture, except for one or two who are on visiting terms with the county squirearchy. Peter Howard is a coarse and money-grubbing materialist; his wife is a woman of refinement and sensibility. From the association of characters so divergent trouble was bound to arise; but something else came as well, the growth and strengthening of the wife's nature, and her victory over an almost irresistible temptation. Mrs. Howard won from out the storm into calm waters; and the book closes with the probability of a great happiness.

"Old Squire: the Romance of a Black Virginian."

By B. K. Benson. London: Macmillan. 1903. 6s.

It will be a pity if Mr. Benson's prefatory remarks about "actions purely intentional" affright the reader, for "Old Squire" marks a very great advance upon such of his previous work as we have met. The story is again a very minute narrative of the War of Secession, the scene is far too much crowded with unimportant characters, and the negro dialect is tiresome. But the adventures of the black hero, an old slave of infinite resource who follows his Confederate master through a series of dashing raids, are described with spirit, and the book is an interesting, and probably faithful, account of partisan warfare. It deals mainly with Mosby's attacks upon the Federal lines of communication. We imagine that the author meant to make a good deal of the resemblance between twin brothers who take different sides, but in the execution this point is rather set on one side—to the great gain of the story. "Old Squire" himself is very well handled: his courage and fidelity never tempt Mr. Benson to an apotheosis of Uncle-Tom, and he remains a genuine negro of the slave days with the limitations of his race.

"Deficient Saints: a Tale of Maine." By Marshall Saunders. London: Bell. 1903. 6s.

"Deficient Saints" is a very odd blend of the satire and the tract. The vulgar side of New England Puritanism is described with such relish that the reader is amazed to find the hero, a dull young prig of blameless character, taken very seriously indeed by the author. There is a not unamusing retired Yankee sailor, but the women form the flower of the company. A refreshing old lady with a sharp tongue, whose mixed French and Indian ancestry sever her from the neighbours, nearly makes the book a success, but the heroine develops oddly and unnaturally from the spoiled child of a godless thief to the contented wife of the aforesaid prig. We like best a pony, rescued from circus life by the old lady, and carrying into his new career of respectability his former accomplishments. "Deficient Saints" is carefully written, but the sentiment is at times somewhat unrestrained. Mr. Saunders in fact is very good when describing eccentricity, but weak in constructing a novel.

"Susannah and One Elder." By E. Maria Albanesi. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

The title is the only irritating thing about this book. It is distinctly obscure, not to say misleading. We were inclined to believe that the "one elder" must be a Presbyterian minister, but a reading of the book has shown us that it contains no such character. Susannah's sister is apparently the "one elder". She is a giddy,

heartless Londoner who cares for nothing but "society" and flirtations. Susannah, on the other hand is a good demure little country mouse who stays at home and looks after an irritable mother. The story is not exciting and there is very little plot, but the writer has a pleasant style and considerable skill in characterisation. The novel may be recommended with confidence to those who like good healthy fiction with plenty of love and domestic interest.

"Lucian the Dreamer." By J. S. Fletcher. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

There is much pleasant reading in this story. The boyhood of Lucian in a Yorkshire village, the household and the old-time ways of his farming relatives, and his friendship with "Sprats", the Vicar's tomboy daughter, are depicted with no little charm. Good, also, is the account of Lucian's rocket-like literary career. But then, all of a sudden, as though the writer feared to incur the charge of tameness, we are plunged into commonplace melodrama which is quite at variance with the sane and quiet tone of the earlier two-thirds of the book. The spell is broken. Henceforth it is "the mixture as before"—a faithless wife, murder, insanity. Lucian becomes a pro-Boer and falls in action. But he is not the Lucian that we knew and liked, and we do not mind very much.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Memoirs of Vailima." By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osborne. London: Constable. 3s. 6d.

"Stevenson's Shrine." By L. Stubbs. London: De la More Press. 1903. 5s.

The Stevenson bibliography begins to reach alarming proportions. We noticed last week a collection of most that the newspapers had found to say about Stevenson. This week we have an account of a pilgrimage to the shrine of Stevenson; and a record of some of the table talk in his Samoan home. The element common to all the books seems to be Mr. Gosse's poem "Tusitala" which contains a certain amount of cultivated description and is generally considered a great poem because it was received by Stevenson some two days before he died. The native lament written by one of the chiefs at the time of Stevenson's death and translated by Mr. Lloyd Osborne is more interesting. No considerable author is better known to the public than Stevenson; and this collection of his more intimate sayings adds pleasantly to the picture of him as a brilliant, irresponsible and kind-hearted man, who seldom quite got into his books the charm which attended his conversation and may give his letters a considerable place in literature. And Stevenson had to suffer from his wide acquaintance. The two authors of the "Memoirs of Vailima" give some most amusing instances of the sort of requests he received from unknown correspondents. Perhaps the most ingenuous ran thus. "Sir, I think you are the greatest author living. Please send me a complete set of Samoan stamps." All the genuine letters he answered, a final proof of the good-natured egoism which made his character. Collectors of Stevensoniana should not neglect these "memoirs" which are bound to fit the series of his works. The account of the visit to the shrine is chiefly sentimental.

"The Parents' Assistant." By Maria Edgeworth. London: Macmillan. 1903. 2s.

Miss Edgeworth wrote, we believe, a first draft of "Evelina"—publicly burned by the family—at the age of fifteen or so; but though she began novel writing at this precocious age, her original affection seems to have been for the didactic tale. Her books on education form an enormous bulk and like almost all the early novelists she nearly always wrote, except when she forgot, "for edification". Happily she was often better than her intentions and her power of telling a tale overcame her desire for the moral lesson. This little collection of her tales—very daintily illustrated by Chris Hammond—contains a wonderful store of morals, as the title implies. Nevertheless the tales are good tales, marked by that power of observation and easy skill in narrative which rose to genius in Miss Austen. We can forgive the prim morality and tiny scope in these tales, forgive even the preface with its quotations from "the eulogium on Dr. Watts by our great lexicographer" for the sake partly of these qualities of observation, partly for the name and antiquity of Miss Edgeworth.

"Essays in Buff." London: Walter Scott. 1903. 2s. 6d.

The courage and general point of view of these essays demand approval. They represent an attack on the prevailing vice of every age, on the acquiescence in what is. The defence of

socialism is sound and acute. The common objection to socialism that it nullifies the good effect of the individual struggle for liberty is valid, in so far as it is valid at all, "not merely against socialism but against society itself, whose notion is to substitute co-operation for competition". But the essayist goes beyond criticism. "The Arlington Community", described with some touch of drama, is a Platonic republic, a Utopia on a small scale; but it is suggestive not dogmatic. Most of it is as impossible as the Republic; even polygamy is justified under certain conditions. As a whole the constructive criticism is as bad as the destructive is good, but the writer is cultivated and thoughtful, qualities not common in recent makers of books.

"A Book of Country Houses." By Ernest Newton. London: Batsford. 1903.

Mr. Newton published in 1890 a small book dealing with his designs for country houses; and the book was a success. This larger and more elaborate volume contains plans and illustrations of country houses designed since then. Except for an admirable little preface and a few notes the illustrations occupy the whole book. Mr. Newton claims rightly that in spite of the need of being severely plain and practical there is still scope for "dignity, humour and even romance", and he may be considered to have developed his scope. However the precise methods of architectural illustration rob the houses, beautiful in their own settings, of most of the romance. The one house with which we are familiar we failed altogether to recognise at the first inspection. It was so much less effective than the real thing. The chief value of the book will consist in the suggestions it may offer to technical architects.

"The Story of Cupid and Psyche." Translated by C. Stuttaford. London: Dent. 1903. 10s. 6d.

The time will never come when scholars will cease to translate this beautiful bit from Apuleius, even though Pater may have done it into English as well as it could be done. The wonder is that the rest of Apuleius, not only "The Metamorphoses"—usually called "The Golden Ass"—but his "Description of the World" and "Asclepius" have not been more often issued. No writer is more modern in some aspects, but he trails clouds of glory from a classic home which purge his modernity of offence. Mr. Stuttaford has done his work well. The tale reads plainly and persuasively, and the book is just one which is fitted by a vellum cover and dainty illustration. One reads such stories at leisure and, as Buffon when he wrote, in clean cuffs and a best coat.

"Proceedings Royal Colonial Institute 1902-1903."

The annual volumes of papers read before the Royal Colonial Institute always have a certain value, especially as records, but the present issue is of particular importance. It contains no fewer than five papers bearing on the question of the hour—Mr. T. A. Brassey's "Steps to Imperial Federation", Mr. Albert Hickman's "Canadian West and North-West", Mr. Harold Parsons' "Our Colonial Kingdoms", Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "The State in Relation to Trade" and Mr. Haldane's "The Cabinet and the Empire". Mr. Brassey could have had little idea when he read his paper in November last that within eight months he would have dissociated himself from his party on one of the questions which he discussed. It was almost startling then to hear him confess that "the free trade position cannot be defended by arguments applicable to fifty years ago". He expressed his belief that the next five years would prove to be the most critical in the history of British industry and would settle the question one way or the other. Mr. Kidd's paper is valuable for its account of the menace to the British Empire contained in the gigantic trusts organised with a view to monopoly-control in trade and production. Organisation he insisted is the one all-important factor in commerce and will eventually win throughout the world. Between the German and the American systems "lies the greatest nascent possibility of the time—that of the British Empire. Will it achieve itself?"

GERMAN BOOKS.

Heinrich Heine und Napoleon I. Von Paul Holzhausen. Frankfurt: Moritz Diesterweg. 1903.

Herr Holzhausen has added to his well-known studies of the history of the last years of the eighteenth, and the early years of the nineteenth centuries, the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, this present volume which treats of the influence of the Napoleonic personality and career on Heine's poetical work and his views of politics. Generally those interested in Heine's character and writings know how early and profoundly his imagination was influenced by the early career of Napoleon and especially by the ideas of the French Revolution which were carried into Germany through the overthrow by the French of the old feudal and despotic governments. Later under the influence of Liberalism and the

(Continued on page 276.)

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Constitutionalism which led amongst its other effects to the establishment of the Orleanist monarchy in 1830 Heine somewhat cooled in his admiration for the great French Cæsar though he never shared in that wild hatred of the tyrant of Germany which led to the "Befreiungskrieg" and the prominent part played by Germany in bringing about the downfall of the first Empire. Afterwards as the reactionary movement and repression of liberty in Germany and especially in Prussia became more pronounced and Heine suffered by the proscription of his writings and of his own person from German territory he returned gradually to his first love for the conqueror who had for a time broken up the tyrannies of his native land. The most interesting part of Herr Holzhausen's study is that in which he shows the curious transformation of opinion which began with Heine and his contemporary French literary colleagues, and found expression in the conveyance back to France of the great Emperor's body and its burial at the Invalides. In Heine he shows how the recrudescence of the Napoleon cult represented the change which was passing over the French people, and turning their minds from indifference and even contempt for the great Emperor's nephew into enthusiasm for him as the embodiment of the Napoleonic ideas. All these stages are treated with abundance of knowledge and copious references to the literary and political history of the various periods in a chapter which describes the social and political state of Germany in which Heine's boyhood was passed. Another chapter asks and answers the question, How is Heine become the typical Napoleon poet of Germany: and another entitled "Anklänge und Aus-Klang" traces in great detail, possibly with unnecessary and redundant detail the influence of Heine, either of imitation or opposition, on the writers whose work was contemporary with his. But the literary student finds at any rate therein references to writers whom otherwise he would never have heard of; and Herr Holzhausen's comments on them bring them into intelligible relationship with the general literary history and the greater names of the period. One interesting subject treated is the influence of Byron on Heine. The personal history of Heine during which he passed through the process of becoming the typical Napoleon poet, is related in three chapters on "The Period of Unrestrained Admiration", "The Time of Doubt", and "The Return" (Umkehr). There is an extensive appendix of notes which is quite a treasury of literary information and the book is handsome in form and print—an appreciated feature in German productions, for usually with all its advance in the arts and mechanical processes the books of Germany in general are not so well produced as they are in England. We must not omit to mention the aquarelle of Napoleon and the engraving of Heine, both reproductions of originals in the possession of the author. They are the most characteristic portraits we have seen of the two great men whose symbols are the Eagle and the Lyre, to use Herr Holzhausen's expression.

Das Weibendorf. Roman aus der Eifel. Von C. Viebig. Berlin: F. Fontane and Co. 1902. 5m.

This is not a pleasant book to read. With its picture of the coarse, almost bestial, life of the peasantry in a certain district of the Eifel the work produces a feeling of intense disgust. Coarseness of manners and depravity in morals are not unknown in Germany any more than they are in other countries, but that practically a whole community should be sunk in such grossness as that described by the author of "Das Weibendorf" is impossible of belief. Village life and morals, we are well aware, are far from being so idyllic and spotless as they are pictured in the literature of the Kailyard school either of Scotland or Germany but if such representations err egregiously in the one direction, the delineations in works of this kind are still more flagrantly wrong in the other. The idea of the story is singular. Peter Miffert, the only man left in the village,—the others being absent at work in the factories and workshops of Westphalia and returning home for a few days twice a year—is pursued by all the women of the district, married and unmarried alike, and ere long he degenerates into a Don Juan of the very coarsest type; but this side of his character excites no disgust in the countryside; what does excite some disgust and horror is the fact that he takes to making and circulating bad money and for this is haled off to prison. Such is the story, the sordid character of which is little redeemed by the treatment. It falls very much below some of the same writer's earlier books although we observe it has gone through several editions in a very short time—why, we are at a loss to conjecture. A good deal of dialect is scattered over the pages, but the author has carefully provided explanations of many of the localisms.

Kaiser Wilhelm und die Begründung des Reichs 1866-71, nach Schriften und Mitteilungen beteiligter Fürsten und Staatsmänner. Von Dr. Ottokar Lorenz. Jena: Verlag von Gustav Fischer.

To German writers the story of the refounding of the Empire is an inexhaustible theme. Every town and village throughout the Fatherland has its memorial bearing testimony to what it cost in blood to weld together a great nation out of a congeries of States having divergent interests and inhabited by peoples of

very different traditions, temperaments, and political aptitude. In like manner, every library throughout Germany has its accumulation of literature devoted to the same everlasting subject. Nor is there any indication of any slackening in the literary energies of Germans in this direction, each year seeing an accretion of no small bulk to the already ponderous collection of books specially dealing with the evolution of the Empire. The substantial volume which lies before us, from the pen of Professor Lorenz of Jena, is another, and the latest, contribution to the subject. The author laments the fact that the State archives for the period after 1866 are still in large measure inaccessible to the historical inquirer, but he claims to have derived great assistance, in the preparation of his book, from various papers and notebooks placed at his disposal by the Grand Duke of Baden, the late Duke Ernst of Coburg, the late Grand Duke Carl Alexander of Sachsen-Weimar, and others. But after all, very little fresh light, in the shape of new facts, is thrown by these documents. Nevertheless, and in spite of the inclusion of a good deal of trivial matter, the book is of considerable value and will well repay the study of those interested in the upbuilding of Germany, and the relations of the various states to each other. The chapter dealing with the outbreak of the war, and that subdivision of it relating to the Ems audiences, is very clearly treated, although the author exhibits a tendency here, as elsewhere in the book, to indulge too frequently in rhetorical references to the "Hero-King". Professor Lorenz is obviously annoyed with those writers who belittle William's powers of initiative, and ascribe all the glory to the masterful Bismarck, and he certainly does his best to give some of the credit, and that no small portion of it, where he believes it to be due—to the first Emperor. We have no serious quarrel with the book. It is equipped with a ridiculously inadequate index. A work like this to be of real value to the student ought to have a proper key to its contents. That given by Professor Lorenz is one of the worst we have met with, both as regards omissions and also as regards the method of indexing many of the entries. For example, we find no entry under "Bismarck", but we have such items as, "Audienz Bismarcks beim Grossherzog von Baden", "Bericht Bismarcks an den König", "Rede Bismarcks im Reichstag". A more foolish and irritating method of constructing an index we cannot conceive.

For This Week's Books see page 278.

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Dublin Castle, 20th August, 1903.

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